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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Agate Lamp

WITH the new controversy concerning Humanism, the revolt concerning the Word, the youngest generation acquiring spokesmen, the present day is lively with matters of the intellect. We are also rediscovering certain old truths as well as expounding new ones. On the surface there may seem at the time to be a confusion of tongues, but the idea of writing as a craft that demands every atom of inspiration and skill the artist can bring to it is becoming popular again, if one is to judge by certain recent indications.

We have chosen our title simply to symbolize such an ideal. And we suppose it immediately suggests Walter Pater as well as Poe. At first glance it does not seem to be a proper device for the artist of the present to set upon his shield. It may be thought cold, remote and classical.

But is it, after all? Does not every writer of distinction, whatever his manner or method, cherish in his spirit a definite purity of purpose, a burning clarity as to what he wishes to accomplish? He holds his work sacred. Those that do not are the cheap-jack scribblers of whom there is always such a superfluity. But writers as different in the materials they made use of and their manner of making use of them as Henry James, Zola, Tolstoy, and Conrad, were akin in the same dedication to their task. James Joyce, today, whatever one may think of the present direction his work seems to be taking, is a perfect example of dedicated zeal. So perhaps, after all, the agate lamp may still serve as device on the escutcheon of the major writer. What it symbolizes is what makes, after all, all the difference between major and minor.

Now that the youngest people are questioning those so recently the youngest, who immediately preceded them, and disagreeing with a number of modern dicta which we had thought pretty generally unquestioned, there is no more important matter before them than to realize what "dedication" implies to the writer born. It is not that with any bogus solemnity he assumes pontifical robes. His feeling about his craft is inherent and instinctive. He is aware of a certain definite direction that his career will probably take, and he possesses a compass of intuition to bring him back upon his true course in spite of various strayings. He becomes more and more certain, also, of the kind and extent of his particular gift, of his range and his limitations. There is not a waking hour when it does not concern him to learn more of what he can do with language, to try to push forward his frontiers, to increase his power of observation and his skill of hand.

And even the writers themselves are constantly forgetting what is actually involved in the labor of literary creation. For the reason for so much bad writing is simply the fatal facility that will not take pains. Having a talent, a natural knack, seems to be enough for a minor writer. But there exists no more valuable parable in the Bible for poets and prosemen than that concerning the talent that was buried in a napkin. So long as an author is satisfied with certain easy successes and regards harder work as unnecessary or superaesthetic, just so long will that writer remain distinctly minor. The major creative mind works with an intensity, a continual sacrifice (we do not mean a permanent sacrifice) of almost everything in life, at one time or another to precise communication, that the slovenly workmen can hardly realize. And it is an unalterable law in literature that whatever is written out of great virtue communicates that quality; whatever is written for an ulterior motive, cheaply and slothfully, is also im-

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Out of Port—Midnight

By KATHERINE GARRISON CHOPIN

SOFTLY out of her moorings the great ship slides
In this dim night of rain
With water flowing smooth as oil along her sides
Parting to close again
Behind the stern in little whispering swells.

The harbor lights are veiled
And that bright glowing city, paled
High in the mist is drifting out of reach.
There is no human speech
About us here,
Poised between sea and air,
Only a sound of bells across the bow,
And silence, now.

Death cannot be more strange
Than this soft drifting night,
With all things merging into light
And distant sound.
The solid ground
Beneath us turned to air and mist
And a wide flowing dark.

The last bright tower
Fades into a spark
Against the sky.
Sounds moving by
Grow fainter.
Somewhere the last bells speak
Above the reef where the last breakers swirled.
We move into the blackness far ahead,
Not knowing if we seek
A new sea,
Or another world.

This Week

"The Passing of Normalcy."
Reviewed by NORMAN THOMAS.

"The Mystery Man of Europe."
Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS.

"The Story of San Michele."
Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS, M.D.

"Letters of Disraeli to Lady Bradford."
Reviewed by GEORGE ARLISS.

"Euripides."
Reviewed by PAUL SHOREY.

"Dark Summer" and "High Falcon."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"No Enemy."
Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT.

"Coleridge, the Sublime Somnambulist."
Reviewed by ALBERT FEUILLERAT.

One More Against the Gods.
By CHRISTOPHER WARD.

The Bowling Green.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

"The Apple Cart."
Reviewed by DESMOND MACCARTHY.

Marion, Ohio*

Reviewed by NORMAN THOMAS

AMERICAN citizens with long memories may recall that in the late summer and fall of 1928 a very expensive political campaign, full of sound and fury, was carried on which definitely settled one great question, to wit, the preferred pronunciation of the word r-a-d-i-o. This reviewer who was one of the victims of that campaign in the non-literary rôle of Socialist Presidential candidate at that time visited his native place, Marion, Ohio. That city whose proudest boast it is that it gave to the nation steam shovels and Warren Gamaliel Harding is no Socialist stronghold. It did not have out a brass band to meet One of Our Boys Who Has Made Good. But then neither did it call the police, and the nature of its greeting allowed for some intimacy of conversation on that favorite American theme: how the town has changed. It had changed, one soon gathered, most of all in the ubiquitous presence of chain stores and in the passing of its numerous manufacturing enterprises out of the hands of local owners into the hands of corporations with their main offices in great cities. It was easy to see that among the merchants and old timers generally, including many who patronize them, a chain store red was scarcely preferable to a Socialist crimson. In other words, Marion, Ohio, confessed even to a Socialist son that it was not altogether happy at passing out of a stage of economic individualism into a newer stage of capitalist development. The really remarkable thing, of course, was not that the town had gone through this inevitable change but that the change had come rather more belatedly than in most similar communities. President Harding's normalcy had ceased to be normal long before he and his fellow townsmen discovered the fact.

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All of which means that Charles W. Wood made an excellent choice when he went to Marion, Ohio, "to discover what was happening to human life" under the impact of economic forces. To one, however, who may expect another, breezier, less statistical Middletown from Mr. Wood's fluent pen there is a qualification to the nature of his labors which he explains with meticulous care in his Foreword. To some extent his book was both inspired and financed by the chain store industry which, it appears, is concerned to improve its standing in local communities. Mr. Wood's arrangements preserved his freedom from any necessity to write glorified advertising copy for the chain stores but they did not free him from the necessity of studying life "where there seemed to be a chain store problem" and discussing it in terms of that problem. Now life, as the author himself would admit, is more than chain stores even in Marion, Ohio, and his preoccupation with chain stores rather than in the change from local ownership of the Marion Steam Shovel Company throws his picture, even on the economic side, somewhat out of focus.

Not Marion, Ohio, but the chain store, or rather Big Business of which the chain store is a notable symbol, is the hero of Mr. Wood's glorified tract. Marion, Ohio, is scarcely even the scene of the story which gives us less the lineaments of any one town than a slightly particularized background of the kind of Middle Western community which one feels could be ordered at a bargain out of a Sears Roebuck catalogue. Nevertheless Mr. Wood is far too

* THE PASSING OF NORMALCY. By CHARLES W. WOOD. New York: E. C. Forbes Publishing Co. 1930. $3.

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shrewd an observer not to have caught the genuine accents of life in Marion and to have realized that one Middle Western town does not differ from another. "Marion," writes Mr. Wood, "isn't new and shiny, neither is it stately and impressive. In fact, it is very much run down in some sections and rather expressionless in the other." To which an old Marion boy who once regarded his family's removal from Marion as a kind of calamity is bound to say "Amen." Marion, I seem to recall, at the turn of the century was hymned by the *Daily Star* as possessing more miles of stone flagged sidewalk than any town of its size in the world. But I can recall no other glory of it or beauty in it unless it was the cemetery! The normalcy which has passed in Marion, Ohio, never included much beauty or charm or distinction or knowledge of how to live a rich and abundant life. Kindly folks we Marionites were, hard workers, pretty good churchgoers, great joiners, with fairly good schools and a capacity to get mildly excited about politics. Employment was pretty steady in the old Marion and pauperism rare, though there was plenty of poverty. Marion was and is a city of home owners and even in the old days it was true, as Mr. Wood now observes, that home ownership was not an unmixed boon for the workers. It kept them docile and well tied to the job.

The thing that has changed and is changing in the Marions of America under the impact of automobiles and radios, movie palaces and chain stores, is as yet less the institutions and customs of life than the way in which those institutions and customs are accepted. Why Marion is less content with itself and its way of life than it used to be Mr. Wood does a competent job of explaining in easy, journalistic, non-statistical style. What modern conditions mean for the church, the family, and the old local prides Mr. Wood knows and can explain to others. But Mr. Wood explains only to clear the way for the preaching of his gospel. He has become the devotee and evangelist of salvation by Big Business. As a preacher he not only has to convert Marion, Ohio, but even his own Messiahs to a sense of their mission. Big Business, one gathers from his pages, does not always know its own high destiny, its cosmic purpose, or the technique of salvation. "A more abundant life for everybody is the logical object of Big Business." But always there is a doubt. "Marion needs this more abundant life and any institution which helps her get it will survive. If Big Business does not do that it will pass away."

The secrets of Big Business's power are mass production and a higher respect for the consumer's dollar—the more dollars the more respect because the more purchasing power. Big Business, therefore, believes in high wages. This news doubtless surprised some of Mr. Wood's chain store friends almost as much as it will surprise their $15 a week employees. But be of good cheer, Mr. Wood has an announcement. "At the risk of springing a surprise, however, I hereby announce that the chain stores of America will some day take a conspicuous leadership in the movement for higher wages and better conditions for all wage earners, including their own, and for a thorough solution of the unemployment problem. I *think* they will do this very soon." Here's hoping.

Big Business's motive is service but its object is profit. It can only make profit by increasing purchasing power. And there you are, back once more in the blessed belief which our faithless generation had come to doubt.

> Thus God and Nature planned the universal frame,
> And bade self love and social be the same.

To one old Marionite who has seen the passing of normalcy even in New York City the demonstration is not complete. He still sits in the seat of the doubter if not of the scornful and the scoffer. There seem to him more important problems than how chain stores can become popular or even than how they can raise wages. He has observed that there are problems that have not yielded to Mr. Wood's blessed trinity—Woolworth, Young, and Ford. He does not know how we are going to make everybody rich and preserve landlordism, marginal gambling, and the right of inheritance. Still less does he know how we shall make everybody free and preserve the extraordinary economic oligarchy postulated in Mr. Wood's plan of salvation.

It must be observed that Marion, Ohio, is not consciously worried about these problems. Consciously it is more worried by the fallacies of its geographical economics of which Mr. Wood disposes rather too simply. He is, of course, right that "no one's interests today are solely geographical," but he underestimates the psychological effects of absentee ownership on the naïve, back-slapping democracy of the older Marion. Nevertheless, there is nothing more futile than to sigh for those days that are gone. The problem is the master of machinery which forces us all willy-nilly to live in an interdependent and largely collectivist world for which many old loyalties and many social institutions are obviously ill adapted. Mr. Wood's rather simple faith that Big Business can cure this if it will only understand its own destiny must be a comforting thing. But before Marion, Ohio, believes it Marion might well give heed to some other social philosophies which Mr. Wood's Big Business saviors are either quite unwilling or quite afraid to discuss.

Munition Master

THE MYSTERY MAN OF EUROPE: Sir Basil Zaharoff. By Dr. Richard Lewinsohn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by John Bakeless

THE mysterious half light that has always surrounded the career of Sir Basil Zaharoff is by no means completely dissipated by Dr. Richard Lewinsohn's new book, but the author may at least claim to have produced the nearest approach to an accurate account of this strange man's history. It is quite probable that no better account ever will be written, for the real facts about Sir Basil are largely inaccessible. Few political leaders have had more real influence in shaping the course of European history than the supersalesman of war munitions, Basil Zaharoff, but he has always shunned public notice. Part of this attitude may have been modesty, but a fair share of it was also pure business policy. When one's interests in armament factories extend over most of the civilized world, and when the governments which one supplies with weapons are pretty certain to turn them on one another, it is just as well not to be too prominent or personally too well known to the public at large, however strong one's influence behind the scenes.

No wonder, then, that his biographer must leave a good deal to the reader's imagination. Such a man leaves his traces everywhere but he leaves nothing very definite for the historian or the biographer to work upon. As if to make forever impossible any precise estimate of his share in the sorry story of Europe's war politics, Sir Basil a few years ago burned the diary in which he had himself set down the story of his life. In its ashes vanished an intimate story of world politics seen from within that must have been fully as illuminating and probably even more humanly fascinating than all the collections of documents that the forces of war and revolution have since made public prematurely.

Even in this day of social fluidity and meteoric careers, the rise of the Greek boy born in an obscure Turkish village to enormous wealth and power which extended menacingly over most of Europe and part of Asia, is extraordinary. Born in Mughla, Turkey, young Basil Zacharias fled with his family to Russia as refugees from the Turkish terror. There the family changed their name to the Russian form, Zaharoff.

Young Basil went into business with his uncle in Constantinople. There was trouble. The nephew fled to London, where he was arrested; and though he eventually cleared himself, he was afraid to go back to Turkey. Settling instead in Athens, he made the acquaintance of the politician Etienne Skuludis, who has supplied some of the facts for the present biography. Through Skuludis, Zaharoff became Balkan agent for the great armament house of Nordenfeldt. Thereafter "millions in money and the life of whole nations" were his playthings. He became successively associated with Nordenfeldt, with Maxim, and with Vickers, as partner and as armament salesman extraordinary. He traveled up and down the world, making it ready for war—at a price. He dealt with friend and foe almost impartially. If he sold the world's first practical submarine to Greece, he was quite ready to sell two more to Turkey. His firms built battleships in the Black Sea and on the Baltic, controlled armament factories in Spain, Italy, Russia, Japan, and Canada, and sold their products to nearly every nation in the world.

Sir Basil's endeavors were not unrewarded. He achieved one of the largest fortunes in the world, a controlling interest in the Casino at Monte Carlo, the rank of Commander in the Legion of Honor, and the Knighthood of the Bath. And, as if such a career were not in itself sufficiently romantic, he was married late in life to the titled Spanish lady who had been the love of his middle years.

It is unfortunate that Dr. Lewinsohn has not documented his book more carefully and that he has provided neither index nor bibliography.

A Debonair Physician

THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE. By Axel Munthe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1929. $6.

Reviewed by Henry R. Viets, M.D.

ADVENTURESOME spirits in medicine are rarely found; most doctors confine their *Wanderjahre* to one, or possibly two, years after graduation from medical school or hospital and then prosaically "settle down." Those that wander lead the most interesting lives, although not usually the most useful. When a man combines the glory of far-flung adventure with service to mankind and, moreover, in the seventh decade of his life writes a stimulating autobiography, then we have reason to rejoice, for his adventures may be ours, his thoughts our thoughts, and his philosophy of life can be absorbed from his pages. Dr. Munthe has written such a book, unique in contents, joyous in tone, quick in pace, at times brilliant, usually informative, and always interesting.

Born in Sweden, Axel Munthe took his medical degree under the famous Dr. Charcot of Paris in 1880. He was studious, brilliant, vivacious, and charming, qualities which soon brought him a large Continental practice. French nobility soon filled his waiting room. The ladies, especially, adored the clever Swede and he, in turn, played up to them, shifting his diagnoses with unconcern from appendicitis to colitis, when the former was no longer fashionable because an American surgeon had threatened to cut out every appendix in the United States! Consternation reigned in Paris at the news:

> "Take away the appendix! my appendix!" said the fashionable ladies, clinging desperately to their *processus vermicularis*, like a mother to her infant. "What shall I do without it!"
>
> "Take away their appendices, my appendices!" said the doctors, consulting gloomily the list of their patients. 'I never heard such nonsense! Why, there is nothing wrong with their appendices, I ought to know, I who have to examine them twice a week. I am dead against it!"

The good doctor may be pulling our leg a little, but we do not mind at this late date for Munthe, debonair and popular, served to please, and fortune soon came to his door. He worked himself to a point of exhaustion, insomnia intervenened, and Paris knew him no more for a time. A friendly, but not brilliant, Swedish doctor took over his practice and a vacation in Lapland served to rid him of the sleepless nights. A terrible outbreak of cholera in Naples, however, cut short his holiday. With characteristic energy he rushed to the city, cared for hundreds of the sick, and wrote a splendid account of the epidemic, a book long out of print, called "Letters from a Mourning City."

Paris saw him again, but he led a less strenuous life, taking more time for visits to Sweden and Switzerland. Another breakdown came, however, as would almost seem inevitable in a man of his type. This time he went to Capri, making his home in an old monastery in Anacapri, thus fulfilling a desire to live there, made as a lad when touring Italy in his pre-medical days. He soon found that more money was needed than he had saved from his hectic Paris career to restore his new found home, so he returned once more to practice, this time to Rome.

The bare outlines of this romantic story fail to picture the real contents of the book. Munthe has embellished the dry facts with countless stories, grave and gay, about high life and low life in the Paris and Rome of his day, while, running through it all, one finds a philosophical trend which makes the book a charming narrative instead of a dull delineation of incidents in a full life. Munthe had a great love of life and he must look back with no regrets on his youthful years. Not a great physician, by any means; some of his practice might even be open to criticism. On the other hand, who knew the psychology of patients better than he who treated "patients," not "diseases"? His impetuosity and restlessness may have lost to the world a great research worker, for he had a brilliant, inquisitive mind, but his frankness in his autobiography disarms our criticism, and we are fully content to read of his multiple adventures which covered a period of nearly fifty years of European life.

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Sic Semper "Dizzy"

LETTERS OF DISRAELI TO LADY CHESTERFIELD AND LADY BRADFORD. Edited by the MARQUIS OF ZETLAND. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1930. $10.

Reviewed by GEORGE ARLISS

AMONGST the most extraordinary of all historical records the letters of Disraeli to Lady Bradford may in some respects be counted. Here we have an old gentleman of seventy with a heart that refused to grow old, loving a lady with all the ardor of a youth of seventeen. His first impulse when he awoke in the morning was to leap out of bed as fast as his gout and his asthma would permit and write her a long and burning love-letter. But unfortunately for him the lady was married and the old gentleman was normally a stickler for the conventions. Disraeli's instinct for diplomacy was continually fighting to curb his desire to express his affection in page after page of fervent love, but his craving for Selina's sympathy was so great that he felt always impelled to write on. And so, being forced to restrain his words of love, he wrote on about himself; about his work in the Commons, his hopes and fears, his achievements and his victories. These things he wrote, not so much because he thought they would interest her, but because he could not bear to let her go. The letters are most remarkable, because for nearly ten years they record the high lights of the political life of the greatest statesman of his century, inscribed by his own hand with all the freedom which comes with assurance of complete confidence. As M. Maurois says in his foreword: "To tell her about himself is to tell her about all Europe."

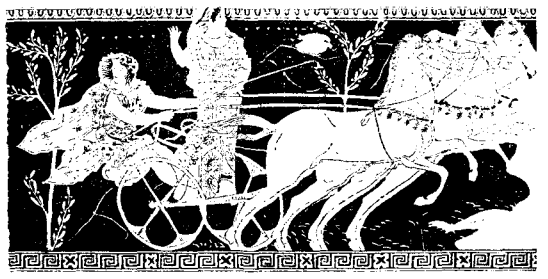
If Disraeli took some risk in confiding State secrets to Lady Bradford as a mark of his affection, it must be admitted that he at least showed his judgment in his selection of a confidant. For I recall no instance of her having betrayed him. And I have my doubts as to whether he told her anything, the secrecy of which was really vital. The purchase of the Suez Canal was undoubtedly one of the greatest political coups of his career; for a considerable time it must have been a matter that engrossed his attention almost to the exclusion of all other affairs of State. And yet, although he was at this time writing almost daily to Selina, he never breathed a word of his intrigues until his competitors were successfully hoodwinked and his contract with Ishmael Pasha was signed and sealed. This looks as though the old head was always standing guard over the young heart. One feels too that in spite of his fervent lines to Selina, he was never quite unconscious of the dampening figure of Lord Bradford in the offing. When he writes that "of course she may show anything to Bradford" we know that Disraeli the politician is taking a hand and we seem to hear him murmur: "But I hope to God she'll use discretion!" Bradford really seems to have behaved very well, for however discreet Lady Bradford might have been, the knowledge of the Prime Minister's constant devotion to her must have been common property; there was evidently a good deal of chuckling in society when Lady Bradford made the somewhat indiscreet selection of a cuckoo-clock as a present for Disraeli from the family.

It is almost pathetic to observe the effort he made to write to Lady Chesterfield in the same strain as he addressed her sister. He used much the same terms. He confided in her, praised her, eulogized her, wrote endearing words to her, and yet his letters to her remained mere chilly chronicles by comparison with those written to Lady Bradford.

Although Disraeli could have had very little time for leisurely letter-writing, one cannot help noticing his abiding regard for style. This is clearly marked in his early letters written to his family in the 30's; and throughout his life he appears to have found peculiar offence in an ill-turned phrase. His most hasty scrawls generally exhibit a careful arrangement of words. This care in construction is also of course most obvious in his speeches. I should venture a guess that he never left anything to chance or to the inspiration of the moment,—that he knew just what he was going to say and the way he intended to say it. I am of the opinion that his occasional assertion that he had no idea what he was going to speak about, was merely a pardonable affectation that one so often meets with in public speakers.

His admitted lack of interest in men's society seems to be a trait which developed with years. His early letters suggest intense pleasure in meeting all kinds of people, in drawing them out and discovering their weaknesses, in joining in their midnight parties, and in glorying in his ability to master the manly occupation of smoking a pipe. He said in one of these letters: "To govern men you must either excel in their accomplishments or despise them." It seems possible that in his subsequent parliamentary career he so far excelled his associates that he grew impatient of their society and felt that to achieve his ends he must work practically alone. This belief in himself, together with a masterful manner, generated not only the enmity of his adversaries, but the jealousy and vituperation of his own party; criticism largely accentuated by the prejudice against his race, which was far more pronounced in the Victorian period than it is to-day.

But he was in reality a sensitive creature, and like all sensitive natures he craved sympathy and encouragement. He had a great respect for what is called feminine intuition, moreover, women always attracted him—quite apart from any passionate desire. In spite of all his strength of character there was something of the woman in Disraeli; he understood women and found them sympathetic. This subtle understanding can hardly be doubted when one considers the tact and originality he displayed in his treatment of Queen Victoria. Although perfectly sincere in his admiration he was not above using the art of flattery, of which he was a master,—employing the highest color or the most delicate shade, according to his judgment. Women did not openly criticize him. Men were at no pains to hide



A Euripedean Theme

their hostility. Women liked to hear him talk and found him amusing. And so he turned to women for his society whenever it was possible, and his long and happy companionship with his wife, to whom he always turned for sympathy and advice, established for all time his preference for women's society.

M. Maurois has described him as a "timid" man. I am bound to believe that this brilliant writer has good reason for such a conclusion, but I confess I cannot discover any pronounced evidence of timidity —at least, not as I understand the word. It seems that Disraeli had such undoubted confidence in himself that, at times, he was apt to underrate the ability of his adversaries. He showed courage in many ways: he early decided, for instance, to adopt a foppishness in dress for no other reason than to attract attention to himself. This surely could hardly have been a measure decided upon by a timid man. He showed no timidity when he took the risk of treating Queen Victoria as a human being and of worshipping her as a woman rather than as a graven image. When difficulties arose in the House which demanded his special and personal attention, he frequently writes with the utmost confidence of his ability to overcome them. I should describe him as sensitive rather than timid.

Whether the publication of these letters is in altogether good taste is a matter of opinion. There are still people who feel that private letters—particularly those passages which are liable to expose some unsuspected frailty of character—should be held sacred. But we live in an age when no man dare to write a purely personal letter that he would be disturbed to meet again in the columns of the daily papers or in the weekly illustrated magazines. Nowadays all tit-bits must be fed to the press. No man who is in any way in the public eye writes a letter to-day without the consciousness in the back of his brain that he is writing for publication. This is an age of vivisection—a term which in the discussion of character I venture to apply to the dead as well as to the living. Personally I object to vivisection. And so did Queen Victoria. And Disraeli objected to any trifling with the dignity of office, and was averse to the public disclosure of physical incapacity. In a letter to Lady Chesterfield, referring to a fancy-dress ball at Apsley House, he writes ". . . and I really don't think Commanders-in-Chief and Prime Ministers ought to figure in Charles the Second wigs and false mustachios." And again to Lady Bradford ". . . but when I began to dress I found I hobbled, and a Prime Minister hobbling would never do."

For This Much Thanks

EURIPIDES—A Student of Human Nature. By WILLIAM NICKERSON BATES. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by PAUL SHOREY

University of Chicago

THERE is no better illustration of the eternal modernity of the Classics than the case of Euripides. He still serves as a touchstone for two types of mind. Only Browning could bridge the chasm between Aristophanes's, Swinburne's, and Jebb's estimate of "Our Euripides the human," and Browning's own. "Tell me what you like," pronounces Ruskin, "and I'll tell you what you are." Euripides tells the classicist how to know the wild flowers of liberalism at the garden's edge where they mingle and mix with the untamed weeds of radicalism. "'I love all kinds of beauty,' went on Fleur, 'when it's exciting. I don't like Greek things a bit.' 'What? not Euripides?'"—That is enough. We know Fleur and we know quite a little about Mr. Galsworthy. "But why bother with Greek, when you could get Euripides in the marvelous version of Professor Murray?" wrote the late Randolph Bourne. And we do not need to be told that he also said that he who has once warmed up to Dostoievsky can never return to Sophocles.

Some years ago I foresaw from a remark that slipped from his pen about Euripides, that a recently appointed justice of the Supreme Court would concur in dissenting opinions. I was not surprised when the most eloquent of settlement workers thrilled audiences from New York to Berkeley with Professor Murray's lovely pacifistic mistranslation of a line in the Bacchæ. I could guess that Miss May Sinclair belonged to that certain few that opened heart "at the first knocking of Euripides" before I read that Mary Olivier discovered that you could translate the Bacchæ "after you had read Walt Whitman if you gave up the superstition of singing the little tunes of rhyme." And I did not have to wait for Mr. Dreiser's explicit declaration that (whether by intuition or as a result of his classical studies) he must agree with Euripides that there is no such thing as justice. He would. For Euripides, too, is perpetually reiterating that the world is all a muddle, and about that, as the old lay said, "Providence seems to do as much harm as good."

* * *

If I pursued these modern analogies further I should soon find myself saying that Ibsen is a prose Euripides and so is Euripides, that he is as prolific of undigested and irresponsible ideas as is Mr. Bernard Shaw, and that his *mots de nature* can be matched only by Zola's Thérèse Raquin, or Strindberg's Miss Julia.

But it is time to return to Professor Bates, who soberly refrains from such modern instances and eschews polemic, though he does defend the poet who has been his lifelong study, on every count of the indictment brought against him by reactionary classicists. He believes that the criticisms of Aristophanes were motivated mainly by malice, and he hardly mentions Jebb. He would not admit that the expository and explanatory prologues are inartistic, that the resort to the *deus ex machina* is abused, that the characters are inconsistent, that the paradoxes of radicalism are disconcertingly blended with Tupperisms, and that the Lyrics, which are supposed to relieve the prose of sociological disquisition, in the meander and sprawl of their incontinent lilting inconsequence, remind us at the best of Milton's "L'Allegro" and at the worst of Amy Lowell.

What he gives are the facts—a critical life of Euripides from the sources, a conscientious characterization of the plays, an analysis of the extant plays in alphabetic order, a survey of what is known or conjectured about the lost plays, some good illustrations of Euripidean themes from Greek vases, and an appendix on the evidence of the papyri.

The work is excellently done, but its solid content hardly admits of criticism or further reduction to résumé. The book is the best available compendium of facts for teachers and students of the Greek drama in the colleges, and it may be commended to the multitudinous adorers of Professor Murray's

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belles infidèles as a safe and sanitary sedative, corrective, and alterative with just the *quantum suf.* of bromide that their temperature indicates. If ten per cent of them heed this suggestion, Professor Bates and his publishers ought to be satisfied.

In a Gold Stain

DARK SUMMER. By LOUISE BOGAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $2.50.
HIGH FALCON. By LÉONIE ADAMS. New York: The John Day Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IT is something more than a coincidence that these two volumes are published simultaneously, for here, since the death of Elinor Wylie, are the two finest metaphysical poets in America today. The relationship goes further. Both poets are young, both have more than an attitude in common; Léonie Adams's book is partly dedicated to Louise Bogan; Louise Bogan's owes something to the younger woman, though the influence is tonal rather than idiomatic. Both will have imitators and both are dangerous models.

Louise Bogan's "Dark Summer" is as exquisite in content as it is in format—and it would be difficult to find higher praise. The lines seem fashioned for these chastely composed pages with sparse but all the more effective ornament. It is not a large book—thirty-six poems in all, of which eleven are reprinted from "Body of This Death"—but its quality lifts it high above the merely adequate writing published in such quantities by women in these so literate states. Here is no attitudinizing, no self-pity listening to its own self-affecting music, no "pretty tunes of coddled ills." Rather are these songs of the spirit, a spirit at once individual and impersonal. By that is meant an ability to fix the shifting scene with details and gestures wholly her own, yet a refusal to capitalize either the scene or the treatment of it. Miss Bogan is never arbitrary in dealing with her properties; her figures are living, her landscapes real to the smallest forsythia's dripping branch and the last "scrawled vine" and "the axe's sound delaying a moment after the axe's stroke"; but she pierces "reality" to the secret behind appearance. Again and again, she lets flash before us the vision that sees "through, not with the eye"—especially in poems like "Simple Autumnal," "Medusa," "The Alchemist," "Come, Break with Time," and the one long painful narrative, "The Flume," a story told entirely by suggestion and undertone. The smallest of these compositions preserves her accurate quality. For example:

CASSANDRA

To me, one silly task is like another.
I bare the shambling tricks of lust and pride,
This flesh will never give a child its mother,—
Song, like a wing, tears through my breast, my side,
And madness chooses out my voice again,
Again. I am the chosen no hand saves:
The shrieking heaven lifted over men,
Not the dumb earth, wherein they set their graves.

Miss Bogan's is an unusually exact economy—unusual even in these days when lush emotion is suspect and *démodé*—and her reconstructions are unequivocally authentic. Sometimes her spare definiteness brings her close to desiccation and the slow pace of her measures is too consciously thickened with "the dark of resinous blood"; but for the greater part mood and measure join to sharpen thought and build a poetry almost perfect of its kind.

* * *

Even the adverb will have to be discarded after a consideration of Léonie Adams's second book, for here, in its self-prescribed limits, is nothing less than perfection. Those who discovered "Those Not Elect" will find it difficult to believe that Miss Adams could surpass so fine a performance, yet. "High Falcon" accomplishes that seeming impossibility. The poet still declares her fondness for the strangely archaic tone of voice (though readers of Henry Vaughan and Gerard Hopkins may not find it strange), but she has accomplished an accent finally her own. Technically one cannot say too much for the imagery which is both sensuous and spiritual; there is no poem which does not yield a vein of pure ore. Page after page shines with phrases as acute and imaginative as:

O beech, unbind your yellow leaf, for deep
The honeyed time lies sleeping, and lead shade
Seals up the eyelids of its golden sleep.

And fetterless high morning dip
Her two cold sandals in the stream.

For how can an eye sustain
To watch heaven slain and quickening, or do
To stretch in its little orbit and contain
Sky balancing chaos in an inconstant rim?

Now I perceive you, lapped in singling light,
Washed by that blue which sucks whole planets in,
And hung like those top jewels of the night. . . .

This is not to imply that Miss Adams's is a purple-patched poetry; such lines as those quoted are the rule, not the exception. Her essential beauty—and beauty it is from first to last syllable—is in no posture of "difference," no straining singularity. On the contrary, this is verse of the most reticent dignity in which neither the mystic ardor nor the intense abstractions (both dominant) are stressed. Herein lies Miss Adams's danger—or rather the danger to her imitators, for, since she is so obviously "a poet's poet," imitated she will be. The surface pattern is easy enough to master—the withdrawn loveliness, the muted air, the faint Elizabethanism—but, lacking her rapt and actually reverent spirit, the result would be only an echo of delicate diction. Miss Adams would undoubtedly gain a wider audience were she to mix a little more flesh with her spirit, but she would lose that virginal ecstasy which rises from more profound springs than those of the too-nimbly gushing heart.

Apart from the high falcon of her passion—if one could disentangle the image from its source—there remains the surety of her rhythms, the varying suspensions, the full and final cadences.

It is a rarefied atmosphere which this poet breathes and only the height-loving can venture with her into that fine altitude. Here we are in the presence of greatness; here matter is sanctified, "dipped in a gold stain."

Without Rancor

NO ENEMY. By FORD MADOX FORD. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

MR. RICHARD ALDINGTON, in the bitter epilogue to his "Death of a Hero," speaks of the old men at Troy, after the war, "some of them nearly forty years old," showing their wounds, and talking of their thirst and sufferings. But of the really old men at Troy, the poet who was nearest to them has told us only one saying, and that begins, "Ou nemesis"—"No blame"—almost "No enemy." Mr. Aldington's old men of forty, like nearly all the writers of war books, were young at the beginning of the war, and were inescapably made or marred by it; they belong to the generation which, as one of them has said, was killed by the war, whether or not it died. And their books, some of them great tragedies, all show inevitably the unnatural strain they suffered. But there are two writers old enough to be truly honored with the name of Trojan elders, the late C. E. Montague and Mr. Ford Madox Ford, and both of them have indeed some of the Homeric calm.

"No Enemy" is a book of philosophical reminiscences, recollections of a cataclysm by a man who had been able to form a mature philosophy before the cataclysm came. To gain the advantages of a Boswell, Mr. Ford has divided himself into two personalities, Gringoire the impetuous poet, and the Compiler, who filters Gringoire's crowding ideas through his reflective mind. Gringoire has settled down in a little cottage where he practises intensively French gardening and exquisitely economical French cooking, by which alone he maintains, the world can be saved from another war of over-population and hunger. He and the Compiler together recall experiences of the war, and the days before the war, with an impressive lack of bitterness. There are physical hardships and intrusions upon personal privacy that would send Mr. Aldington into a slashing rage like Orlando Furioso's; but Gringoire was healthy, and took no hurt, and not being hurt, does not cry out. There are instances of inefficiency and callousness in commanders that would draw a very death-blow of controlled irony even from the calm Montague; but the Compiler is a philosopher who expected nothing else, and is not disappointed. There are humble and surprising heroes who would make Mr. Coningsby Dawson almost incoherent with rapture; but Mr. Ford is an old realist, as far from the hysterical admirations of "The Glory of the Trenches," or even the very youthful optimism of "A Student in Arms," as from the hysterical diatribes of many of the other books. He is glad of the heroes, as the Trojans of the sight of Helen, but he does not praise the war for making them, but only says that it revealed them. And when men are not heroes, he finds an unvarying consolation in a Chinese proverb: "It is hypocrisy to look for the Sacred Emperor in a low-class tea-garden," that is, one must not expect great things from most humans.

This philosophy is of course stoicism; the precept is evidently the same as Marcus Aurelius's advice: "In the morning, say to thyself 'Today I shall meet the discourteous man'"—and so forth. The merits of stoicism have always been a matter of bitter dispute; "No Enemy," it may be, will anger some readers who suffered more in the last war, or have more to fear from the next, by its objectivity and want of passion. But Mr. Ford has already written, in the series of novels beginning with "No More Parades," his four tragedies; in this he is now writing his "Cymbeline" or "Tempest," a book to be judged not as philosophy, but as a work of art. So judged, it is worthy of very high praise, for its limpid prose, its delicate, tranquil remembrance of joy and sorrow, its intimacy and detachment.

It is not the greatest book upon the war, by any means, nor the greatest Mr. Ford has written, but it is unique in feeling. The war is too vast a theme for any one book or author to show all its phases. Mr. William Bolitho has complained recently that no one has written of the ignorant romanticism of the war he knew in 1914 and early 1915. That mood is still to be expressed, and "No Enemy" is the sole expression of another. It must be read by any one who is trying to piece together any complete impression of the war. There is nothing like its full and sane acceptance of reality without rancor in any other book of this generation—no, nor anywhere else since the earliest piece of realism in literature, the soldier's speech in the "Agamemnon," which tells plainly of vermin, cold, and heat, and ends

Our pains are over—over for the dead,
Who need not even take the pains to wake;
And we the remnant of the Argive army,
Upon the whole, we've had more gain than loss.

The Agate Lamp

(*Continued from page* 689)

mediately recognizable; though when even a second or third-rate author does his entirely honest best, he will communicate, at least, that honesty.

Probably we have been rather preachy. But we suggest the above to you with no narrow implications. We merely wish to indicate, in a clever era, that there is still no royal road to greatness. The writers we have known who seemed to us nearer to genius than others were usually found to work a great deal harder, even though they started with superior gifts. It is really the second-rate person who is frequently "inspired"; the first-rate one simply keeps everlastingly at it until the result surpasses hundreds of such facile "inspirations," though there are, of course, exceptions to every rule.

Apropos of the appointment of a commission in France to examine into the desirability of establishing public libraries there the London *Observer* says: "The facts, that the literary and artistic culture of France, although its effects are spread very widely by an admirable educational system and by the French habit of discussing everything, is very little dependent upon the general reading of books. France, which has so many writers and so many admirable writers, has very few readers of anything but newspapers. Her reading public is an élite, and is largely concentrated in Paris. That fact, perhaps, has a great deal to do with the character of French literature."

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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A Frenchman on Coleridge

COLERIDGE, THE SUBLIME SOMNAMBULIST. By JOHN CHARPENTIER. Translated by M. V. NUGENT. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALBERT FEUILLERAT
Yale University

IN this critical age, when "debunking" is the fashion, it is a relief to find a biography which aims at the truth without any pretensions to singularity. This is all the more remarkable because nothing would have been easier than to prick the bubbles of the founder of Pantisocracy, and to poke fun at the incorrigible dreamer who—though he never could entirely dispel the mists that enveloped his thought—mistook the ebullitions of his seething brain for the gospel of the future. Mr. Charpentier's attitude is that of an impartial observer, an observer, however, not devoid of sympathy. He does not hide the weaknesses of his subject, but he also brings out the good points with unequivocal satisfaction. He carefully notes Coleridge's actions and sayings, and with these as documentary evidence he imagines what the man must have been in the complexity of his being. The result is a subtle psychological analysis of a mind rich in contradictions and vagaries, magnetic, tender, almost feminine, full of poetry and dynamic enthusiasms, but full also of irresolutions, bewildered and rendered impotent by its imprisonment in physical infirmities. I wonder whether a more delicately shaded portrait was ever painted of that most brilliant representative of English romanticism.

But the book attempts also a critical estimate of the writer. Here again M. Charpentier departs from the method of modern biographers. Unlike M. Maurois, who was accused of ignoring the poet in Shelley, he does not forget that Coleridge was first of all the author of "The Ancient Mariner" and of a few other masterpieces, and that it is as a poet that he has left his mark. So M. Charpentier has devoted a good many pages to a searching study of Coleridge's poetical method. And this is perhaps the most original part of the book, the one, which, I fancy, the author of "The Road to Xanadu" would prefer. Coleridge, we are told, was not the unconscious sleepwalker, operating under the influence of opium that has sometimes been imagined by the critics. He took narcotics, no doubt, but only as a relief to his physical and moral distress. But stimulants were not the source of his inspiration. "All they did for him was to send him artificially . . . into that ultra-lucid state which was for him the supreme lyrical mood," and in which his imagination, naturally subtle and fantastic, freed of all fetters, could soar at will in the supernatural regions where it was most at ease. Thus is Coleridge's genius vindicated from the insinuation of being an accident. It was, on the contrary, a faculty of the highest order, the power which enables a few privileged minds to transcend the ordinary realm of poetry, and to realize that absolute *union of imagination and emotion* wrapped up in musical suggestion which we associate with the notion of "absolute poetry" or, as the French call it, "poésie pure."

M. Charpentier is no less illuminating upon the question of Coleridge's thought. He convincingly shows that there was no servility in the imitation of Germany. In the German thinkers Coleridge found only what he himself had been elaborating for at least four years before he set sail for his tour on the Continent. He asked them only to supply him with a confirmation of the truths he was striving after. If he used the thoughts and the themes they provided he did so in his own way. His was the very opposite of the German mind. He never could "undertake a systematic classification of his ideas."

His metaphysical system, if indeed he owned to any such system, can be shown to be lyrical, or to speak more exactly, musical in its essence. It is but the reflection or the expression of his feeling for the spirituality of the world. Whenever he gives vent to it, an impression is left on the mind, sounding across the language of German philosophy, or of Berkeley himself to whom that philosophy was so deeply indebted, as of a world well worth the capture unfolding before it, but such an impression is a fleeting and purely ideal one, a mirage, a will o' the wisp. Once the deed of wizardry is done, naught can be seen but a little powder sinking to the bottom of the phial held in the hand of this Magician of the mind.

And here again, by showing the common origin of Coleridge's thought and Coleridge's poetry, M. Charpentier has done much to explain the influence which Coleridge exerted, and still exerts, in his country as a critic and as a philosopher.

This happy combination of psychological insight and critical acumen constitutes the value and the charm of this new biography. Scholars will not find in it any sensational discovery of documents. But those who read it will be rewarded with a penetrating analysis of a very elusive personality. And this analysis is so instinct with creative power that the subject anatomized lives again in the pathetic tragedy of a soul which failed to express itself fully but which, at times of inspired exaltation, achieved supreme masterpieces. This is a beautiful book, powerfully conceived, harmoniously developed, and written, besides, in a colorful style. In this respect it should be said that the French text loses nothing of its raciness in its English form. The author was fortunate in the choice of his translator.

John Gilpin's Ride

ONE MORE AGAINST THE GODS: John Gilpin. By W-LL-AM B-L-THO.

The Flea
On the Hair
On the Tail
Of the Cat
Of the Child
Of the Wife
Of the Wild Man of Borneo.

THE Hindus, those sempiternal nyptics, whose concentrated and catalytic emication has illuminated the cimmerianism of oriental cognoscence with an irradiation as splendent as can be emitted from any so fuliginous flame as their national characteristics make inevitable, and which may (if you choose) be compared to the phosphorescence of a dead fish, have a nursery rhyme, which, though no rhyme at all, casts a bright (if you will permit the word) light on the problem of the reasonableness, indeed the avoidlessness, of the inclusion in the list of great adventurers of the name of John Gilpin. At the head of the list, for in this rhyme the head is at the tail in characteristic topsy-turveyness, is Alexander, the Wild Man of Borneo or (if you prefer) Macedon. Then comes Lola Montez, his Wife and, in natural succession, Isadora Duncan, her child, Lucius Sergius Catiline, commonly called the Cat, Napoleon I the Tail, Napoleon III the Hair, and at the last the Flea, John Gilpin, microscopically miniature, yet animated by a therefore more concentrated quintessence of the vital principal of the adventurer. So much for why.

He was born in Ware in 1731, but when he was six months old his family removed to London. We have already remarked the super-charging effect of an early transplantation on the vital growth, observable in the growth of civilization itself as well as in the superfecundity and origiastic appetency of English sparrows and Japanese beetles when translated from their accustomed abiance.

The result on the imaginative individuality of a little boy of six months subjected to such a formidable contrast as this bodily and spiritual amotion from the special peculiarity of a resiance in Ware, though I know to the commorants of Ware such a characterization may seem invidious, possibly because of misapprehension of the precise meaning of the word "peculiarity," which, I swear to it, is used here in a sense far from derogatory, to the metropolis of Great Britain, where men are more luxuriantly numerous than the aphaniptera on the dorse of a tyke and strangely divert, living in a vast congeries of houses as closely contiguous as the cells in a honeycomb and immeasurably more frequent, where the ceaseless mercature in its marts is fiercest and most full of color, because it is inextricably radicated in memories of fortunes that have accumulated there, may be guessed. Anyway, he was removed.

Philemon Gilpin, his father, was a linen-draper and John, the son, became a shopman, and in the course of time, on the mort of his parental principal, took over the shop. A steady merchant, a married man, the father of three, for forty years he gave no premonition of the adventurous career upon which he was to be launched in the fulness of time, as a rocket into the empyrean. As in the case of Charles XII of Sweden, the riddle of his character is to be solved by no huge and subtle investigation conducted by philosophers and psychological therapeutists, but may be found in a book, read and read again in childhood and youth and maturity, a biography, not a life, of Alexander the Great, or Buffalo Bill or Huckleberry Finn or Peter the Hermit or Jesse James or John the Baptist, but John Jorrocks—"Jorrocks Jaunts and Jollities," a narrative of the sporting experiences of a cockney grocer turned fox-hunter.

The hypothesis of madness (unless there is meant merely a mild schizophrenia) which so many learned sophisters have proposed as an explanation of the career of this man is superfluous as well as false. He had a book and he had a hero, the John Jorrocks of Robert Surtees. He dreamed of being a John Jorrocks and his dream lasted into practice, untempered by the anthropophobia, the fear of irrision, with which we are protected by a kindly and contemptuous providence.

With the single-minded and cocksure faith of the saints, Gilpin hunted out every fantastic detail of the life, manners, habits, and dress of Jorrocks. He taught himself to talk as Jorrocks talked, in a florid, hearty, cockney dialect. He already had Jorrocks's broad jovial countenance and he copied his costume, the amazing garb of an eighteenth century, fox-hunting, country squire. He was Jorrocks in every detail except one—he had never thrown his leg over a horse. Yet he dreamed of equestrian adventure and, though the ambiance of his life and the tenor of his mondial affairs were unfavorable to equine companionship, he achieved it. And in his case, as in that of Cagliostro, the adjuvancy of his wife was no small element in his arrival at preëminence among the great adventurers, albeit she had no such intention. See how it came about.

On the eve of the fulfilment of a quaternary of the lustra of their hymenean association, she proposed for the morrow an excursion to the Bell at Edmonton, in conjunction with their children, her sister, and her sister's child. As this aggregation would be a complement for a postchaise, Gilpin must ride a horse. The historic reply is always simple and brief. "It shall be done," said Gilpin. So she initiated the great Hedjira of John Gilpin.

He procured a mount from his friend the calender at Ware, and, having despatched his family in the chaise, with only his book to guide him, without any experience in the art of the cavalier, our imaginary Jorrocks, embarked, amidst the cachinnation rather than the admiration of his neighborhood, on the strangest equestrian adventure in history.

Sitting a horse tethered or otherwise immobilized is a feat possible to any aspirant for adventure, however nescient of the technic of equitation. Adhering to saddle when agitated by the movement of a trotting horse in action is another guess affair. John Gilpin found it so. He went bump-bump. Bad enough this, but worse followed for the horse, yearning for the ambiance of his stable and animated by this irregular but continually maintained percussion on his upper deck, lengthened his stride into a canter and then into a gallop, headed for and not to be checked until he had reached the domicile of his master full ten miles off at Ware, while Gilpin, clutching the pommel, his red cloak flying behind him, a banner in a gale, his hat now derelict and then his wig, rose and fell in equal measure and time with the hoofbeats of his charger, pounding yet more vigorously the epicentre of the frantic animal. And so they came to Ware.

Here it might have been supposed this grand Hedjira would end and for a lesser adventurer that might have been its desinence, but not for Gilpin. To Edmonton he was bound and his dæmon would not be satisfied until he came to Gilpin's own house in London, where he was content to stop. Battered, bespattered, hatless, wigless, Gilpin dismounted and there he was was fain to rest.

There is no parallel in written history of this adventure, nor did Gilpin ever attempt to twin it. Henceforth we find him a sedentary man in his shop and his shop parlor, seeking no other exercise than that involved in the exertion of wielding the yardstick. Pusillanimity personified thenceforth (if you please) but after all the sneers, admire the great man for when he had a chance he did not waste it and if you read his life coldly and critically and above all forward, not backward nor sideways, as you would a novel, you will be everlastingly astonished to find he had but this single chance at equestrianism, for the calender churlishly refused thereafter to lend him his horse, and at the extraordinary use he made of it.

CHRISTOPHER WARD

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The Bowling Green

THE Cavaliere Fiaschetti, Chevalier of the Crown of Italy, otherwise Big Mike of the New York Police Department, found the right collaborator when he narrated his memoirs to Prosper Buranelli. Between them—I like to imagine them sitting down for long evenings over plentiful ravioli and asti spumante—they have put together a grand book. The serious-minded student of crime must not allow himself to be put off by the rather rowdy jacket; nor by the slangy title, "You Gotta Be Rough." (The title seems to have been a publisher's afterthought, for in the running heads throughout the book it reads "One Must Be Rough." I much prefer the argot version.)

I take it as proven that Mike Fiaschetti, former chief of the Italian Squad in the New York Police Department, is a rattling good narrator, and Mr. Buranelli's skill and charm have made this "essay in constabulary biography" a work of eminent satisfaction. The portrait of Fiaschetti that emerges is attractive indeed: "a Renaissance bravo turned into a new York policeman," with the vehement gestures of Italy and the hard jaw of a Center Street cop. Fiaschetti, who is still only in the middle forties, was the son of a Roman bandmaster and is himself a musician. For sixteen years he was a New York police detective, and in his six years' command of the Dago Squad he sent twelve murderers to the chair.

His account of the detective business is rather different from the romantic fictioneer's. "How the Detective Really Gets His Man, or to Hell with Sherlock Holmes" is the lively caption of one of Mr. Buranelli's chapters. We learn that false whiskers and the analysis of cigar ashes play comparatively little part in the grim routine. The novelist would fear to make such use of coincidence as happens in actuality. One of Mr. Buranelli's best episodes—of which Detective John Cordes was the hero—began by a conversation overheard from an adjoining telephone booth.

There is an engaging frankness about Mike Fiaschetti that is entirely captivating. He tells how he first got into the police by cribbing from a young Irishman who sat next to him in examination. So successfully indeed that Fiaschetti came out 20th in the papers and the Irishman 86th. Indeed there is none of the Philo Vance esthete about Mike; this book would cause the cultured Vance many a painful shudder—partly, perhaps, because it is written so much better than any of Mr. Van Dyne's maunderings. There is an extraordinary ring of truth about it. What could be more genuine than the tale of the spaghetti-joint keeper who did not report the murder until mid-afternoon because to do so earlier would have spoiled his luncheon business, and he had already bought his supplies for that meal.

Natural shrewdness, obstinacy, and guts are presumably the foundation qualities for detecting, as most likely for anything else; but the central necessity, according to Mike Fiaschetti, is a wide acquaintance among stool pigeons—i. e. squealers. You trade freedom for information, says Fiaschetti, and remarks with his seasoned wisdom of the world that freedom is always a valuable commodity. You don't always succeed: he gives us a pretty broad hint, for instance, that the Dot King case was stopped by high influence; but when you don't, if you are Fiaschetti, you utter his favorite Italian malediction, *Managia i piscetti* and tackle the next problem. It is not a romantic picture he gives us, but a damned cruel and dangerous one. As he frequently remarks, The more you look into a thing the crazier it gets. The humor and skill of these offhand narrations will not blind you to the savage and terrifying realities behind them.

Fiaschetti, I understand, is now doing some lecturing on his police adventures. Those lecturers should be worth hearing.

* * *

Mr. A. Edward Newton, the Caliph of Daylesford, Pa., has returned from some Johnsonian revels in London and reports to his friends two authenticated anecdotes. He says that G. B. S. was dining at a restaurant with a friend where the orchestra was making what seemed unnecessary tumult. Shaw sent for the leader and said, "Will you play something to oblige me?" "Certainly, what shall it be?" "Something with cards," said G. B. S., "preferably solitaire."

Mr. Newton also reports the Prince of Wales as saying "I shall not marry. The Realm was peaceful and prosperous under a Virgin Queen—why should it not be even more so under a Virgin King?"

Much interesting correspondence has come in concerning the revised version of the Book of Common Prayer, and in particular I am indebted to the Bowling Green's much admired client, Miss Heloise Hersey, of Boston for an authoritative letter from Bishop Slattery who is chairman of the Commission for Revision.

Bishop Slattery writes:—

The Commission was appointed at the General Convention in New York in 1913, and has worked steadily up to the present moment. We have put in fifteen years of hard work, meeting several times each year, and studying not only the ancient office books, but also the proposed revisions in various parts of the Anglican Communion, especially the Grey Book in England, from which I think we received the largest help.

The Commission has consisted of eight Bishops, eight Presbyters, and eight Laymen. Among the Bishops have been Bishop Whitehead of Pittsburgh, Bishop Nathaniel Thomas, Bishop Parsons of California, Bishop Rhinelander, Bishop Davies of Western Massachusetts, and Bishop Brown of Virginia. Among the Presbyters have been the technical liturgical scholars, Dr. Samuel Hart of Connecticut, Dr. Lucian Robinson of Pennsylvania, Dr. Howard B. St. George of Milwaukee, Dr. Denslow of New York, and Dr. John W. Suter of Massachusetts. Among the Laymen have been Mr. George Wharton Pepper, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Mr. Robert H. Gardiner, Mr. George Zabriskie, Mr. John Stewart Bryan, Dr. William C. Sturgis, Mr. J. Grafton Minot, Mr. Charles S. Baldwin, and Mr. J. Randolph Anderson. During the first part of the work, Bishop Whitehead was Chairman of the Commission, and since 1922 I have been Chairman. The Rev. Dr. Suter has been Secretary. I have presented the report to the House of Deputies in 1922, and to the House of Bishops in 1925 and 1928.

Our problem in general was to make the Book a book of our time, while still leaving it as the book of the ages. Wrong translations in the passages from the Scripture were corrected without altering the version quoted as a whole. I find in going through the new Book, that we have tended to take out the philosophy or theology from the worship, and to bring it more completely into confident trust in God's love. This is especially true in the revision of the Baptismal Service, where we omit the words, "conceived and born in sin," and in the Burial Service, into which we have fused the larger hope.

The new prayers are from various sources. The Prayer for the Church, for instance, in Prayers and Thanksgivings, is an adaptation of a prayer by Archbishop Laud, and in the Family Prayers the Prayers at Night is from one of John Henry Newman's sermons. Of the new prayers, hardly any one could be assigned by any one person, since they have been so thoroughly worked over by the Commission itself that the person who submitted the first draft would hardly recognize his work.

For the Second Sunday after Epiphany we have made the Gospel the account of Our Saviour's Baptism. Hitherto in the Anglican Communion there has been no day set apart for the recognition of this event in Christ's life. Further, for the Ninth Sunday after Trinity, we have inserted for the Gospel the Parable of the Prodigal Son, substituting it for the Parable of the Unjust Steward.

Dr. Hart had almost nothing to do with this revision, for he withdrew from it almost immediately after its appointment, being very much disturbed because the other members of the Commission were ready for a radical revision. He died not long afterwards.

Believe me

Sincerely yours,

CHARLEES LEWIS SLATTERY.

* * *

Everyone who leads any kind of settled life probably has some fairly definite routine of going to bed, which is surely one of the most momentous gestures of existence. I have often thought that a minute account of anyone's exact process of committing himself to unconsciousness would be both valuable and humorous; judge then of my pleasure in finding just such a memoradum in an old volume of De Quincey's random papers. There is no one more agreeable than De Quincey for accidental reading: he had the truly great journalist's attention to microscopic detail: he was a paramour of trivia.

The subject of De Quincey's bedtime story was no less than philosopher Kant. In his essay *The Last Days of Kant* we read:—

After the candles were brought, Kant prosecuted his studies till nearly ten o'clock. A quarter of an hour before retiring for the night, he withdrew his mind as much as possible from every class of thoughts which demanded any exertion or energy of attention, on the principle, that by stimulating and exciting him too much, such thoughts would be apt to cause wakefulness; and the slightest interference with his customary hour of falling asleep was in the highest degree unpleasant to him. Happily, this was with him a very rare occurrence. He undressed himself without his servant's assistance, but in such an order, and with such a Roman regard to decorum, that he was always ready at a moment's warning to make his appearance without embarrassment to himself or to others. This done, he lay down on a mattress, and wrapped himself up in a quilt, which in summer was always of cotton,—in autumn, of wool; and against very severe cold he protected himself by one of eiderdown, of which the part which covered his shoulders was not stuffed with feathers but padded with layers of wool. Long practice had taught him a very dexterous mode of *nesting* himself, as it were, in the bedclothes. First of all, he sat down on the bedside; then with an agile motion he vauted obliquely into his lair; next he drew one corner of the bedclothes under his left shoulder, and passing it below his back, brought it round so as to rest under his right shoulder; fourthly, by a particular *tour d'adresse*, he treated the other corner in the same way, and finally contrived to roll it round his whole person. Thus swathed like a mummy, or (as I used to tell him) self-invoked like the silk-worm in its cocoon, he awaited the approach of sleep, which generally came on immediately. For Kant's health was exquisite; not mere negative health, or the absence of pain, but a state of positive pleasurable sensation, and a genial sense of the entire possession of all his activities. Accordingly, when packed up for the night in the way I have described, he would often ejaculate to himself (as he used to tell us at dinner)—"Is it possible to conceive a human being with more perfect health than myself?" In fact, such was the innocence of his life, and such the happy condition of his situation, that no uneasy passion ever arose to excite him—nor care to harass—nor pain to awake him. Even in the severest winter his sleeping-room was without a fire. All nursing or self-indulgence found no quarter with Kant. In fact, five minutes, in the coldest weather, sufficed to supersede the first chill of the bed, by the diffusion of a general glow over his person. If he had any occasion to leave his room in the night-time (for it was always kept dark) he guided himself by a rope, which was duly attached to his bed-post every night, and carried into the adjoining apartment.

Whether it is desirable that philosophers should lead lives of such placid regularity may be arguable both pro and con. Myself I think perhaps it is good that they should be agitated a bit now and then. At any rate a symposium on the meditations and habits of Bedtime would be instructive. If Kant were living now perhaps he would have unbent his mind over a detective story before retiring. It is interesting to learn from De Quincey that Kant specially loved his twilight meditations when he sat always in the same spot with his gaze upon an old neighboring tower. When some poplars grew up and threatened to obscure his view of the tower he became very uneasy, and finally had to beg a neighbor to have the trees polled. Many other endearing oddities, such as his refraining from outdoor conversation in order to breathe exclusively through his nostrils, his horror of perspiration, and his ingenious arrangement of hoists to supplant garters and so safeguard his circulation, you will find discussed with De Quincey's matchless grave humor. De Quincey was odd enough himself to relish oddity in others.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Writing shortly before the event *John o'London's Weekly* says: "On the 25th of January, wherever there is a Scot (and where in the world is there not one?), Robert Burns will be remembered with gratitude and honour. For the 25th of January is Burns Night (or Nicht, as some say), and the anniversary of his birth, one hundred and seventy-one years ago. Though Shakespeare was the greater man, it cannot be said that on St. George's Day, his birthday, every Englishman will be remembering Shakespeare with reverent hilarity. Burns has, as he always had, the unique power of commanding homage. While he was alive his popularity was one of his great enemies. Whether the popularity that he now enjoys is entirely just to him might be questioned.

"It is said that statues to Burns outnumber statues to any other one man. Wordsworth was a haughty fellow, but when he visited the grave of Burns he paid him the compliment of borrowing a verse-form which Burns had made particularly his own, and Byron and Coleridge both praised him without any hint of patronage. Burn's father was a farmer, Burns himself was a farmer, and it was only because he could not make his farm pay that he became a Civil Servant. He did not write only in dialect; he wrote in the most correct eighteenth-century manner, and his finest verse is as English as it is Scots. He was cultured and self-respecting, and held his own in high Edinburgh Society. Perhaps we Southrons are a little too apt to think of him as a marvelous poor ploughman. He was certainly poor, but he was not a freak, any more than Shakespeare was. He was a great man and needs no rural or dialect excuses. We give below, for those who will want to be reading him again during the next week or two, a selection from his poems which will show how universal his appeal is."

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Speculative Biology

BIOLOGICAL PRINCIPLES. By J. H. WOODGER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $7.

Reviewed by FRANK R. LILLIE
University of Chicago

THIS book is a plea for a more critical interpretation of speculative biology from the standpoint of logic and epistomology. It resolves itself into an inquiry into the bearing of modern developments in philosophy and theoretical physics upon the principles of biology with special reference to "the biological antitheses"; vitalism and mechanism, structure and function, organism and environment, preformation and epigenesis, teleology and causation, mind and body. "What I have attempted to do in this book is to give a general sketch of the whole wide field that is involved when we try to dig down to scientific foundations. Consequently the proportion of 'biology' to 'philosophy' is very small" (from author's preface). After an introduction the book is divided into two parts, the first dealing with problems of the theory of knowledge relating to natural science in general, and the second mainly with the biological antitheses noted above, with a concluding chapter on the "Future of Biology."

What the author has here tried to do needed to be done, and one should not complain of the spirit in which the ambitious attempt has been made. Even though he believes that modern biology is in a parlous state by reason of neglect of epistomological critique on the part of the professional students, the author is a fair critic on the whole, rarely captious, but occasionally too epigrammatic, as where he says: "Biological problems always present themselves to physiologists with a childlike simplicity which is almost touching."

The writer's knowledge of biology is professional and wide, though occasionally lacunar, and his acquaintance with the standpoints of modern philosophy seems to a mere biologist almost uncannily complete. It is perhaps too much to expect that the union should be immediately fruitful; the author himself does not claim much on this score, being satisfied if he has introduced a new method of approach to fundamental biological problems "which has not yet received the care and attention among biologists which it deserves."

The mechanists in Biology have rather a bad time at the author's hands: "Ontological mechanism of such a simple, cocksure kind really belongs to the realm of religious enthusiasms like some ontological vitalisms and is therefore beyond the reach of criticism"; but from the methodological viewpoint "there is room for both 'mechanists' and 'antimechanists' in biology, as representing different modes of abstraction, so long as they attempt to understand and cooperate with one another, instead of wasting their time by efforts at mutual extermination." As regards vitalistic theories "there does not seem to be much to be said in their defense." "It is not possible to refute ontological vitalism . . . the chief objection from our point of view" (to the conception of entelechies) "is that even their most staunch defenders are able to say so little about them. They can tell us what they are *not*, but from the nature of the case it is not possible to say anything positive." There are other possibilities that will have to be explored.

These other possibilities are contained in modern contributions to logic and epistemology and to physical and psychological science, and in the "organic view" of nature, or the modern cosmological outlook. The author is very enthusiastic about these, and his positive contributions to biological principles consist in an attempted application to the biological antitheses. In spite of the really interesting discussion of the problems of the antitheses their resolution in terms of these modern contributions appears generally rather verbalistic. We are urged repeatedly "to take time seriously," to think of organisms as "events," i.e. in four dimensions; and the resolution of the antithesis between structure and function is offered in the following form: "It seems, then, that what is required is an enlargement of our concept of 'structure' so as to include and recognize that in the living organism it is not merely a question of spatial structure with an 'activity' as something over against it, but that the concrete organism is a spacio-*temporal* structure and that this spatio-temporal structure *is* the activity itself." Thus the antithesis between structure and function rests on the separation of space and time. Is such a solution a hopeful example of the fruitfulness of modern applications? Is it not possible to take the most recent developments in logic, epistomology, and physics too seriously as to their bearing on biological principles, just as our forebears did with reference to *their* modern developments in the same fields?

"The recognition of the importance of the possible" is a counsel of tolerance sympathetic to the modern mind, and important to the modern biologist "if he is to avoid the cocksure and dogmatic attitude of natural science during the last century." I think we can at least agree with the author that "what biology requires is a better ventilation of its thought and a more critical scrutiny of its concepts"—or, at least, that this is one great desideratum. The book urges this throughout as its dominant note, and this is perhaps its most valuable and stimulating contribution, documented as it is by numerous critically analyzed examples of logical pitfalls to avoid.

The Cow Country

A VAQUERO OF THE BRUSH COUNTRY. By J. FRANK DOBIE. Dallas, Texas: The Southwest Press. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by L. W. PAYNE, JR.
University of Texas.

EVERY now and then there appears in some corner of America remote from the great publishing centers a regional study which is presumably prepared for local consumption but which upon examination proves to be a valuable interpretation of some phase of American life that would be of wide general interest if only the public could be made aware of the book's existence. "A Vaquero of the Brush Country" by J. Frank Dobie, is such a book, one which would certainly attract national attention if it had behind it the prestige and publicity contacts of one of the greater publishing houses of the country.

The brush country is that vast tract lying between the Rio Grande and the Colorado River in Southwest Texas. It is covered with a thick, stunted growth of cactus, chaparal, mesquite, and other thorny shrubs, one particular part of it situated below the Nueces River being called the brasederos, an extensive and almost impenetrable jungle of these hardy semi-tropical and semi-arid plants. This section is the original cow country of America. Here the cattle imported by the Spaniards first ran wild and multiplied into herds of countless thousands in the brush-covered plains of what is now Southwest Texas. The Mexican and Spanish vaqueros or cowboys first developed a technique for the capturing and handling of cattle and wild horses, a technique which was quickly acquired and improved by the American cowboys as the cattle business extended into the unwooded plains of the Panhandle region of northwest Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and New Mexico.

The present book possesses a double appeal in that it is ostensibly the personal narrative of the exciting and marvelously adventurous experiences of a single real vaquero and ranchman, Mr. John Young of Alpine, Texas, while it is at the same time a scholarly and authoritative interpretation of the history and social life of a little known, or rather a falsely known, section and a business now long since vanished or relegated to the realm of cheap romance. Mr. Young wanted to make a record of his long and varied contact with the cattle business, and he appealed to Mr. Dobie to put his material into literary form. The results of this combination of the talk of a real vaquero and the accumulated knowledge and interpretative comment of an experienced writer and scholar who is himself an experienced cow man, is a happy one. The book reads like a romance from beginning to end, and yet it is in reality a serious, sober, and dependable interpretation of an epoch and an industry. Both the tang of the real speech and thought of a pioneer cowboy and the actual atmosphere of a romantic period are here remarkably well presented. Humor, pathos, exciting adventure, hardships, pleasures, personal anecdotes, and historic facts are admirably blended in the account.

Recent Fiction

THE COUNT'S BALL. By RAYMOND RADIGUET. New York: W. W. Norton Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE brief career of Raymond Radiguet and his extraordinary personality made such an impression in France—with the help of Jean Cocaeu's adroit publicity campaign—that it is still difficult to see his work clearly, uninfluenced by the personal glamour of the author. "Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel" is the second and last of his novels, which Radiguet himself described as "an exercise in romantic psychology," meaning by this that the background and even the intrigue are unimportant and are simply presented without comment, while the emotions of the three principal characters are the real business of the book. The program is not, of course, new, but Radiguet brought a new note to it by making his people (for the first time in many seasons of the French novel) restrain their emotions rather than give way to them. His outwardly conventional triangle, composed of a Count and his Countess and their amiable friend, François de Séryeuse, behave with perfect propriety, though the post-war world about them is bent on amusement, unconscious of moral restrictions. In spite of himself François loves the Countess, but he is unable to imagine speaking to her about it; there is no affair, though both know eventually that the other returns the affection. The husband suspects but does nothing, even when his wife finally confesses that she loves de Séryeuse. The real conflict is in the minds of all three, in which jealousy and suspicion play their parts, no less harrowing than in the more common case of openly manifested passion.

It is a curious book, very individual, mature, and yet a little self-conscious. It is never dull in spite of its failure to take any advantage of the many opportunities for display afforded by the story. A closely knit technique and admirably conducted narrative make it akin to classic models rather than to the body of recent French novels. As an achievement in itself as well as because it is less conventionally French than usual, it should appeal to an American audience. The talent of its author might one day have amounted to genius,—but such speculations are useless in the face of this brilliant actuality. Mr. Malcolm Cowley, who has done so many important French books of late, does well by Radiguet's brittle style, but has also been persuaded to change the heroine's name from an exotic Mahaut to a commonplace Catherine, while expecting us to swallow without difficulty her husband's *précieux* cognomen of Anne.

DUDLEY AND GILDEROY. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

"THE secret of a successful and elevated life," says Dudley, the King Grey Parrot, "is to live on others and let them carry one to death or glory."

"Rather," suggests Gilderoy, the ginger-colored hoodlum of a cat, "it is to remain inconspicuous while yet attaining one's objective."

Having armed his protagonists with these philosophies, Mr. Algernon Blackwood in his "Dudley and Gilderoy," which he denominates "A Nonsense," sends them adventuring by train and taxicab out of a country house nursery to the wilds of London and back home again. The great mystery of the book, it appears, is the question of the sex of Dudley, the parrot, a matter about which even Dudley seems to have doubts. To Gilderoy, the cat, about whose own masculinity there is not the least doubt, the question is one of unmitigated mystery. The problem is solved after their return from their eventful stay in the London flat of a poverty-stricken great lady. Dudley, home again, solves everything by performing "His *work*, his *life work*," which consists in laying an egg and dying at the moment of accomplishment. Thus under Mr. Blackwood's hand "parrot egg" becomes a synonym for "swan song." Apparently there is no intent on Mr. Blackwood's part to suggest that Dudley while in London fell into sin. On the contrary, Dudley's conduct there, in matters of sex at least, was above reproach. The ultimate egg, we gather, is merely a little demonstration in parthenogenesis.

Both Dudley and Gilderoy are attractive. How they gain their ends in a world of human beings gives Mr. Blackwood opportunity for a gentle satire upon these humans. Bird and beast hold our sympathy to the very end when Gilderoy, recently amazed to find his friend "a she," leaves the house of death to become "what he had been before the Great Friendship entered his life—a stray, alien, independent cat that walked by himself across the universe."

Mr. Blackwood enlivens the books by the quotation at chapter headings of serious scientific and philosophic statements by other writers on the parrot and the cat. In this spirit Mr. Blackwood moves with tongue in cheek and while he keeps it there the book is wholly delightful. Despite the sentiment (and many will like that) the fantasy is entertaining. The cat, of course, is an old friend in literature, but the parrot, though often a minor character, has seldom been a hero, and even here when he starts off to be that, he loses his opportunity by turning out to be a heroine.

DEWER RIDES. By L. A. G. STRONG. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1929. 50 cents.

AS the fourth in his series of Paper Books Mr. Charles Boni presents to his subscribers an ample novel of Dartmoor life by a new author. Somewhat slow in getting under way and a trifle top-heavy in construction, Mr. Strong's book is none the less a considerable achievement, worth more than the fifty cents asked for it by the publisher, Rockwell Kent jacket included.

It is a thorough, carefully documented study of character, tracing the childhood and youth of a Dartmoor man with fulness of detail and accuracy of background seldom met with in more recent British fiction. The growth of Dick Brendon's conflicting nature, divided into different parts by a tendency towards violence and an opposed attachment to his ideals, is admirably shown. The episodes of his boyhood days are both colorful in themselves and significant in building up the central figure of the book. Later, his friendship for old Pellow, the boxer, and his own fighting career are equally well set forth. Indeed, though there is little that is new or particularly striking, the first three hundred pages of "Dewer Rides" may be counted with the best novels of the past year.

In the last fifty pages a quick and almost unmotivated end is brought to the hero's love affair, followed by an even more rapid glimpse of his downfall and death some years later. The author, after beginning his book on the grand scale, seems to have been forced to end it abruptly and unsatisfactorily. What should have been a fine, full-length picture has been cut down to a partial portrait. The effect is disappointing.

Yet an attentive person will find that the seeds of Dick Brendon's fall are contained in the story of his early days, for Mr. Strong's technique is deliberately followed out, possibly in order to secure a sharp contrast at the end of his book. Without indulging in modern innovations, he has thus used modern short-cuts, as well as modern psychological explanations for the conflict in the character of his hero. The element of superstition which plays so large a part in the story is more conventional, as is the heroine's character, but because he is able to write well, and knows what he is writing about, Mr. Strong's book is preferable to many more effective and better planned novels. The inevitable comparison to Hardy has been made in his case; it is perhaps sufficient praise to say that Mr. Strong is not entirely unworthy of the comparison.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

EDWIN VALENTINE MITCHELL of Hartford, Connecticut, has been publishing lately several attractive books of poems. Though of no supreme value, Nancy Byrd Turner's "A Riband on My Rein" and Eleanor O'Rourke Koenig's "Two on An Old Pathway" are pleasant to read. Miss Turner is the more seasoned poet, and there is somewhat more tang to her work than to Miss Koenig's. Still, the latter has some original ideas. Juxtaposed to these two ladies we next discover two new volumes in The Yale Series of Younger Poets, Henri Faust and Francis Claiborne Mason. The former's "Half-Light and Overtones" is slightly better than what one would expect from the title, but only slightly. The latter's "This Unchanging Mask" is even less striking.

And this brings us to a dozen or so books which we really have very little to say about one way or the other. Such books inevitably crowd every poetry shelf. They are capably enough written, displaying talent; but there are so many of them and they are, after all, quite a bit alike. Caroline Giltinan's brief lyrics in "The Veiled Door," brought out by the Macmillan Company; Mary Coles Carrington's "Pilgrim Paths," done by The Bookfellows; Isabel Fiske Conant's "Dream Again" (Fowler Wright Ltd., London); Gertrude Huntington McGiffert's "Cast in Bronze," The Mosher Press; Caroline Hazard's "The Homing," The Harbor Press, and Lillie Holliday Kellam's "Old Love" from Dorrance—all present to us the meditations of sensitive temperaments. Mrs. Conant is, perhaps, the most original, and Miss Hazard and Mrs. McGiffert are very cultivated, but in none of these books is real fire struck from flint. It is much the same with Lilian White Spencer's "Arrowheads," brought out in a limited edition by the Parade Publishing Company, though she writes of the Indians from special knowledge and genuinely, and her short poems on mythological animals, at the end of the book, are most entertaining. George Meason Whicher's "Sonnet Singing" from the Book Mart, Amherst, is a genial old-fashioned book. Mr. Whicher is at his best in the display of a mild wit, and his parody of a typical Robinsonian sonnet is not so bad. We prefer his book, at least, to "Refractions," by Leon Fleischman, a hasty handful of verse and prose poems from Horace Liveright, which reveal to us no slightest reason for publication. This kind of thing, for instance, is supremely not worth doing, as any ordinarily literate person can turn out dozens of such observations within a quarter of an hour.

DESIRE

Your lips
Run red across your face;
Glutinous and soft, they flow
Into your eyes
And stain the white wall
Of your forehead.

And yet writing such as the above finds encouragement. It is not even particularly clever as an impression; it slightly nauseates but is not even a real "shocker." And oceans and oceans of such verse billows about the lintels of magazines and publishing offices each year, composed by writers who simply will not take any pains.

Which leads us to an old inquiry. Why won't they take the pains? Everyone knows that in the best poetry, in great poetry, an element appears which defies analysis; but we are not speaking of great poetry; we are speaking of the improvement of the general run of versification appearing in all these little books. It is obvious that the writers know nothing really of mental discipline, and without mental discipline nothing really good is ever written.

What is the process, one wonders. The poet withdraws into his own room in the house and sits letting his wits wander. Finally into his brain flutters a fairly good simile or metaphor or fragment of an idea. There is so little to it, by itself, that a seventeenth-century poet, for instance, would never have dreamed of considering it by itself. Nevertheless, that is just what our modern poet does. He turns it into six lines of free verse—he may even turn it into a sonnet—entitles it "Requiem" or "Window Washing" or "Resurgence" or anything that can possibly be twisted to bear some relation to it, and presto! there's a page out of his new book which will appear in the Spring from a small press which will bind and print it very badly and add one more atrocity to the array of mediocrity. There are plenty of poets of the type of which we speak in this country, there are phalanxes of them!

Down in Greenwich Village there is Mr. Henry Harrison, who, to do him justice, is not that sort of a poet. Neither has he achieved anything remarkable. His newest book (of his own, for he has been very generous about publishing the work of a host of Village confrères) is brought out by himself, entitled "Myself Limited," and its jacket bears opinions from Joseph Auslander, William Griffith, Shaemas O'Sheel, and Benjamin Musser, but they do not say anything very definite, save Musser. In such poems as "Nonchalantly" (wholly graceful) and "Charitable Lady" (stingingly ironic) Harrison appears at his best, although elsewhere he is not without his ineptitudes. But he takes pains more often than is usual with minor poets. When he has reached the point of taking even more he will probably produce something valuable, for he is rather more sharply observant of life than his fellows.

Jessie B. Rittenhouse brought out "The Rollins Book of Verse" at the Angel Alley Press, Winter Park, Florida, because she believes that "the creative urged comes with youth, and if it is thwarted, or stifled by too many other concerns, it is likely not to reassert itself." In her association with Rollins College she has constantly kindled an interest in poetry among the undergraduates, and if these examples of their work that she has collected in her book do not impress us extraordinarily there is still plenty of evidence of sound training and of genuine enthusiasm for a fine craft on the part of the writers.

Charles Norman, whose "Poems" were brought out by Knopf last April, has never received proper attention in *The Saturday Review*. Neither, we feel, has Alexander Laing, whose "Fool's Errand" was a 1928 book from Doubleday, Doran. These are two of the younger men who may really amount to a good deal in the future. Norman is more beguiled by mere cleverness than Laing, but each has an original approach to a definite idea and the making of individual idiom. Laing is less the dilettante, but Norman's phrase can flash out brilliantly on occasion. It is difficult, of course, to say how far either may go, but when we consider Mr. Norman's "Dedicatory Poem" to his book, it shocks us to the hope that he may eventually do more work as startlingly good as this. For "Dedicatory Poem" has the touch of finality about it that is usually associated with greatness. Its accent is unerring:

Since whosoever builds with speech
Fashions fragility from nought,
These songs must be beyond men's reach
To rend what I have wrought.

The few, the scattered seeds of fame
In the barbed woods of calumny,
Will throw their light upon my name,
Their shadow on my memory.

As for Mr. Laing, his outburst concerning "A Female Poetaster in Her Dotage" is as refreshing in its heartiness as his poem "Introspection," though involving no very new or difficult idea, is well expressed.

And, finally, we can recommend to you John Allan Wyeth's fifty-odd sonnets of the World War, "This Man's Army," which appeared last year through Longmans, Green & Company. They are quite strikingly descriptive; though whether or not Mr. Wyeth has more than his war memories to write about in future must remain to be seen.

Recommended:

POEMS. By CHARLES NORMAN. Alfred A. Knopf.
FOOL'S ERRAND. By ALEXANDER LAING. Doubleday, Doran.
THIS MAN'S ARMY. By JOHN ALLAN WYETH. Longmans, Green.

The story of a famous literary controversy, "Froude and Carlyle," by *Waldo A. Dunn*, will be published by Longmans, Green and Company in March. The book contains about twenty pieces of hitherto unpublished material, and a large amount of material which has up to the present been inaccessible. It is said to be a vindication of Froude. Two facsimiles of important documents are included in the volume. . . .

The Black Sun Press, Paris, announces a first edition *de luxe* of the new work by *James Joyce*, "Tales Told of Shem and Shaun," with a preface by *C. K. Ogden* and a portrait of the author by *Brancusi*.

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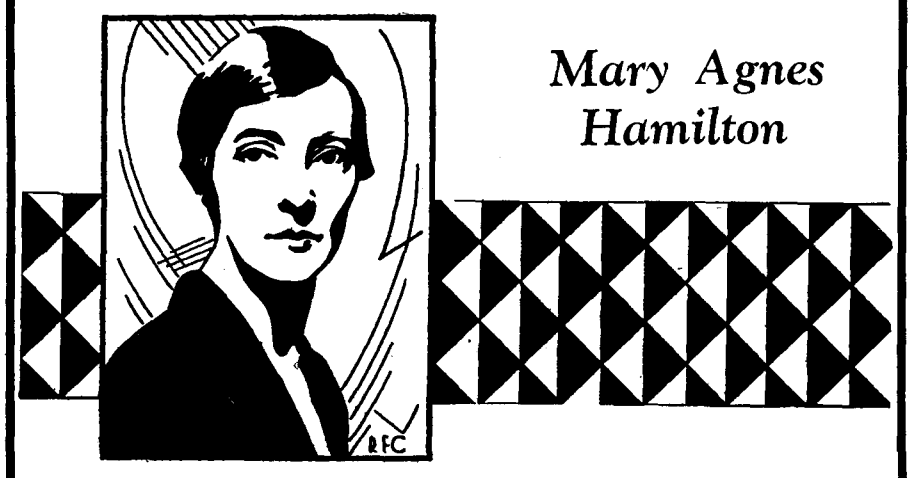

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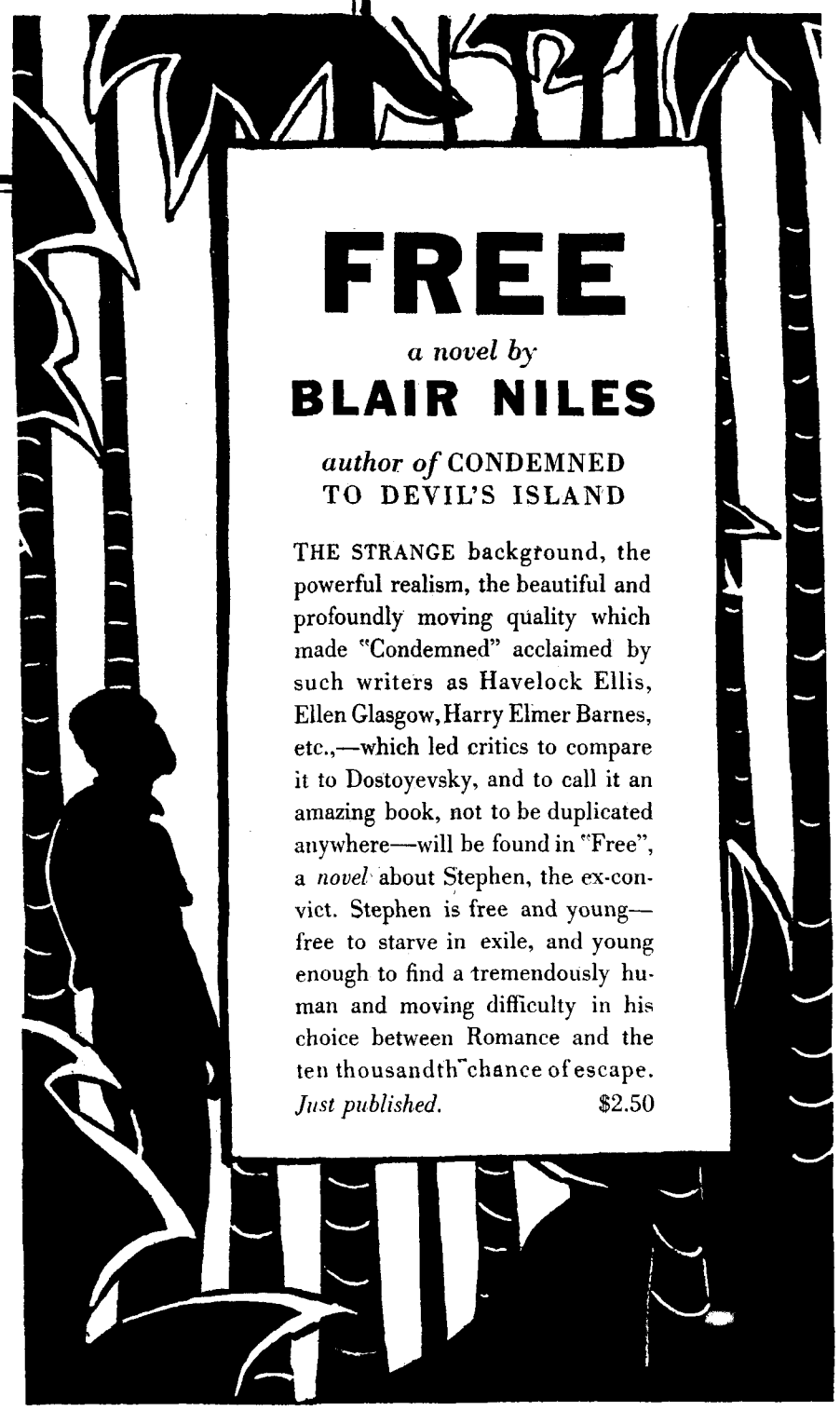

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Foreign Literature

The Prophet of Inwardness

BARBARA, or PIETY. By FRANZ WERFEL. Berlin: Zsolnay. 1929.

Reviewed by HENRIETTA VON KLENZE

FRANZ WERFEL, whose "Goat-Song" and "Juarez"—performed by the Guild—made their author's name familiar in America, has written a new novel whose very title is significant. The surface materialism which apparently gave direction to pre-war German literature during the period of "naturalistic," photographic reproduction of reality (see Hauptmann's "Before Dawn") nevertheless carried with it a note of *inwardness* always characteristic of German thought and to-day becoming again dominant. Of this inwardness Werfel has from the first been a prophet. It inspired his lyrics, came to negative expression in his drama, "Mirror Man" (1920), and forms the *leitmotiv* of this, his latest novel.

Barbara, a Bohemian peasant, is the nurse and sole friend of the hero's childhood and the formative element of his entire life. She is a devout Catholic, whose piety, however is never obtrusive, hardly ever comes to expression in words or action.

This atmosphere surrounds and penetrates the lonely child who became her charge in infancy, and—due to the disruption of his parents' marriage and his subsequent orphanage—found in her his sole home and refuge. They were inseparable up to his eleventh year, when he became a cadet. Nor was their inward companionship ever entirely interrupted by the years of separation that now followed—not even by her death. Through the bitter years of his youth—including expulsion from the military school, his flight from the theological seminary, the years of semi-starvation as a poor student in the midst of luxury loving pre-war Vienna—through the years of grilling war-service, of desertion, revolution, inflation—this influence of an ignorant peasant woman remains with him. It gives him an inner equilibrium, a steadfastness of character, and in time of stress and danger, a sureness of instinct which set him—simple and unobtrusive though he is—wholly apart from the restless, greedy, loud, and withal wholly rudderless throng about him.

Adopting a symbol from his drama, "Mirror Man"—a favorite device of Werfel's, by which he gives his works a certain inner continuity—the author surrounds his hero with people as unreal and unstable as the reflections of a mirror. The hero alone really lives—because he lives from within, does not like the super-intellectuals of the pre-war period or the money-mad, pleasure-mad, sport-mad throng of post-revolutionary times who surround him—rush madly after illusory goals in this phantasmagoria of a world. "Mirror Man" and "Piety" are the positive and negative poles of Werfel's philosophy. The fact that the hero is outwardly an undistinguished, modest person, neither intellectually brilliant nor a man of energy and action—he is quite contented with the life of an obscure ship's doctor—underlines Werfel's purpose. Dr. Ferdinand R. (he has not even a family name) is the "Everyman" of today who has found the way of salvation.

The war-scenes, the story of revolution and counter-revolution, the readjustment of starved and downtrodden Vienna with its pitiably helpless and bewildered populace and the no less helpless "leaders," are depicted with a force and incisiveness all the more telling for the aloofness of the style. Gone is the exaggeration of the "expressionistic" Werfel. The mysticism which makes "Mirror Man" and "Goat-Song" at times unintelligible has left as sole residue an unobtrusive hint of psychic forces such as we find in modern German writers like Albrecht Schaeffer and Wilhelm von Scholz.

The Gospel of Order

AU SERVICE DE L'ORDRE. By PAUL BOURGET. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1929.

Reviewed by AMELIA VON ENDE

WHEN Comte spoke of that "immense question de l'ordre," and remarked "le progrès ne peut être que le développement de l'ordre," he formulated an ideal as old as the human race. It requires no little courage in a half century or more of political, social, and religious eruptions to have always with admirable assurance and consistency served that ideal, as has done Paul Bourget. Looking over the titles of the individual essays in this volume, some of them reviews of books, the collection strikes one as heterogeneous. But in reading the tribute to Taine, the essays on Philippe II and St. Theresa, *France et l'Angleterre*, *Le Pape de l'Ordre* and others, the thread running through the book appears like a ray of light illuminating the whole.

A wealth of suggestion is in these essays, for they open new perspectives into chapters of history, like those on Louis XIV, Louis XVIII, and Charles X, though M. Bourget's views on the French Revolution may not pass unchallenged. Startling is the new light which the paper on Philippe II and St. Theresa throws on the Spanish king. "Le Mystique du Bolshevisme" is a fascinating study of Russian psychology. The comments on Mussolini's inheritance reform are worth a second thought. Though they voice the conservatism of a minority at variance with the present trend of woman's development, M. Bourget's remarks on the education of women hold much truth.

The wide range of subjects covered by these essays—one of them dealing even with the subject of "Métapsychisme"—makes the book particularly valuable as a volume to be picked up and read and reread at leisure. It offers the mature wisdom of a mind that has consistently worked for an ideal in that clear and elegant prose of which the French are masters.

Readers of Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" will be interested to compare with it a novel by Riccardo Bacchelli which has recently appeared in Italy. "La Città degli Amanti" (Milan: Ceschina) is both romance and satire. As the latter it is directed against the corruptions of morality which appear under the guise of Freudianism and other modern cults. It is as the former that it bears resemblance to Hemingway's novel. In its capacity of romance it tells two stories, one the idyll of an American on war service in France and his love for a Frenchwoman, and the other that of an Italian engineer officer, who took part in the retreat of the armies after Caporetto. Enrico de Nada escapes from the Germans after sharing in a hand-to-hand rearguard fight, finds his way to the villa of a Venetian gentlewoman, and escapes with her, by the Venetian waterways to Mestre. They fall in love with each other, he falls ill, she nurses him back to health, and since, being married, she cannot marry him, she takes him for a lover. The narrative is lively and arresting.

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In honor of Boston's Tercentenary year "The Beginnings of New England," John Fiske's great history of the Colonial Period, has been reissued in a handsome new edition at two dollars and a half.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THIRTY-FIVE SAINTS AND EMIL ARMIN. By J. Z. JACOBSON. Chicago: L. M. Stein. 1929. $7.50.

Chicago can boast of little precise and cleanly evaluating criticism in any of the fine arts. And its critics of the visual arts are particularly describable either as "critical cheer-leaders" or else as the mouthpiece of family newspaper prejudices. Hence, the Chicago artist lives in an atmosphere lacking in any quickening glow that feeds both the creator and his sympathetic public; he battles along in intense isolation, misunderstood by most of his appreciators.

"Thirty-Five Saints and Emil Armin"—the title is borrowed from a Hebrew legend—illustrates such a situation. Armin's career has been the usual one of the penurious and "self-made" artist, punctuated by the added difficulty of being a Rumanian immigrant. Possessing a talent with oils, chisel, and other implements of the visual arts, he began receiving sporadic notice from Samuel Putnam and others only after he had passed the forty mark. He has ever been an honest and overwhelmingly sincere craftsman, with an honorable body of versatile achievements behind him. The heir of Impressionism, Cubism, and other such movements which have given modern art its theory and technique, he is open to the criticism of having overstressed design.

The author, a young Jewish writer, has muffed an opportunity of shaming local critics. Being thoroughly familiar with Armin's work, he was prepared to present a precise piece of criticism, relating Armin to his contemporaries. Instead, he has tended to overstress asides and biographical detail—interesting in themselves, but secondary. Also, he has dimmed Armin's motives with an unnecessary mysticism of the "absolute." Nevertheless, he has made a beginning in full-length studies of Chicago artists. If his handsomely bound book but stimulates more such portraits, it has not been published in vain.

Drama

THREE GALLANT PLAYS. By FERNAND NOZIÈRE. Rudge. 1929. $7.50.

The Parisian journalist is apt to be a more versatile person than his Anglo-Saxon brother. Consequently it is not rare to find men of Fernand Nozière's type, capable of turning out not only a sufficiently well-written article on any subject in any style, but also able to produce plays, serious or otherwise, poetry of the *salon* variety, a novel if necessary, and, of course, that *sine qua non* of French literary life, a book of witty essays. M. Nozière is better known for his plays, perhaps, than for anything else in the long canon of his work. He has written successfully for the commercial theatre, adapted Dostoievsky and Evreinoff for the French stage, and also specialized in the concoction of highly artificial trifles designed for private performance in the houses of the great—usually in the name of charity. The three plays which Mr. Clarence Stratton has somewhat surprisingly bothered to translate are among the best of the author's ventures into this field.

Readers of Carl Van Vechten's "Blind Bow-Boy" may remember that when the insatiable Mrs. Campaspe Lorillard wished to give New York a supremely smart evening's entertainment she chose M. Nozière's "L'Après-Midi Byzantine," which is the first of the plays translated in this book. The second served for a similar occasion in real life in Paris, adorned with music, the charms of the ballet, and the background of M. de Clermont-Tonnerre's house and gardens at Maisons-Lafitte. All three of the little plays strike the same note of deliberate artificiality and rather outmoded preciosity. They are carefully cynical and full of an over-refined attempt at pornography which would be bearable on the stage only in French and after the most superb of dinners. But then it is at least doubtful that the Messers. Schubert will be moved by Mr. Rudge's elaborately gotten up edition to produce these literary *hors d'œuvres* on Broadway!

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. By *St. John Ervine*. Macmillan. $1.25.

ANDROMACHE. By *Jean Racine*. Translated by *Eugene Fontaine*. New York: College Translations. $2.

THE PHORMIO OF TERENCE. Translated into English by *F. Perry*. Oxford University Press.

Fiction

WAR BREAKS DOWN DOORS. By JOHN N. GREELY. Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1929. $2.50.

This is the story of Jan Sincowiez, son of a Polack miner, who joined the army at sixteen, before the war, to get out of trouble after a strike, and who in the war won a major's commission, made a fortune through lucky speculation, and married the beautiful and unapproachable daughter of one of the leading families of Washington. This is, on consideration, undeniably one of those improbable possibilities which are to be avoided; but in the reading it does not seem so, which is tribute to the author. If one once grants his hero a combination of intellect in mind and physique rare in any walk of life, but commonly enough postulated for heroes, the story is convincing enough, and the current of writing is strong enough to carry one over any minor difficulties. The author writes vigorously and attractively of scenes that he evidently knows; his admiration for strength with a good deal of ruthlessness, and his love of the open-air army life, are very infectious.

Juvenile

(The Children's Bookshop will appear next week.)

KULLU AND THE ELEPHANT. By JOHN EYTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929.

The boys and girls who followed the adventures of "Durroo," the Eurasian boy in India, and his native friend, Kullu, will be enchanted by this sequel. In "Kullu of the Carts" the climax was the boy's thrilling escape from boarding school, thanks to the assistance of the clever little Kullu. We felt certain that the author would not leave these two boys at large without telling us more. This story is more exciting yet. It takes up the pursuit where the first book left off and carries the reader afoot through open fields, then on an elephant's back into the depths of the jungle, and over the trail of the bandit Bhagat, on whose head is a price of 10,000 rupees. Finally the robber's lair is reached on an island in the midst of the Fen, a terrible desolation of quicksand—but really there's no use spoiling such a good story by telling what happens. Boys reading the book, by the way, are warned not to let any older member of the family pick it up until they have finished it. They might have trouble getting it away from him.

Miscellaneous

THE RED HILLS. By CORNELIUS WEYGANDT. Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press. 1929. $4.

This book by a Pennsylvania Dutchman, who is professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, is part history, part adventure, and chiefly collector's pride displayed with charm and erudition. The red hills are that district to the north and northwest of Philadelphia which the German immigrants of the eighteenth century made particularly their own, and which in language, in thrift, in the quaint beauty of old barns bedecked with painted medallions, comfortable houses, and good eating is still theirs. An introductory chapter on the Pennsylvania Dutch is historical, descriptive, and good reference for anyone interested. The remaining chapters are narrative accounts of a collector's expedition in search of the characteristic glass and pottery of the region, but are far more detailed and with much more specific and technical information than this informal description suggests. This is a good background book on an interesting people and region.

Poetry

THE NATURAL YEAR. By *Frederick Edwards*. New York: Broder.

FROM A HARVARD NOTEBOOK. By *Thomas W. Duncan*. Des Moines: Maizeland Press.

CREATOR MAN. By *Angela Morgan*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

NEW VERSES. By *Arthur L. Salmon*. London: Foulis.

THE WEB. By *Harvey Carson Grambine*. Four Seas.

THE SHINING SHIP AND OTHER VERSE. By *Isabel Ecclestone Mackay*. McClelland & Stewart. $2.50.

BUCKNELL VERSE. 1929. Lewisburg, Pa.: University Print Shop.

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Culture and LOVE

By JOHN COWPER POWYS

THE potentialities of sex-love as a stimulus to culture can hardly be exaggerated. . . . Since the true meaning of culture is a quickening and vivifying of a person's deepest and most secret happiness; in other words the attainment of as thrilling a response to the magic of life as that person's temperament allows; it is obvious that sex-love, an urge so potent among the obscure roots of our being, should affect it from centre to circumference.

"The state of being in love stirs up that secret nucleus of our personality. Without love the mind's awareness of what is happening to it is continually being drugged. Liberated by love the mind experiences an incredible relaxation. This lends itself to a vibrant sensitivity in which impressions are received and values noted that are fresh, thrilling, original.

"Awareness! Awareness! That is the essence of a cultured life, just as it is the essence of a lover's life. Uncultured people live in the world without being conscious that to be alive at all is the one grand mystery. . . . The cultured consciousness uses the Universe precisely as an intelligent lover uses his dear companion. He secretly enjoys its miraculous beauty, even while he suffers from its unpredictable waywardness."

UNHAPPILY, space does not permit quoting at greater length the thoughts on culture and its place in life, expressed with such curious beauty by John Cowper Powys in his new book THE MEANING OF CULTURE. The growing popularity of this book, with its cool refreshing draughts for our fevered modern souls, is easy to understand. "I took an almost sinful pleasure in every page," writes the author of *The Story of Philosophy*, Will Durant. The MEANING OF CULTURE is one of those very rare books that becomes a friend for life. Do not longer deny yourself the delights to be found in its pages. It is on sale at all bookstores (price $3.00) or from the publishers, W. W. NORTON & CO., INC., 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 78. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "Niagara Revisited." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of February 11.)

Competition No. 79. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best verses "To Julia (1930), Not to bob her hair," in the manner of Herrick. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of February 25.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

COMPETITION No. 74

The prize for the best short lyric to be interpolated in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" has been awarded to Helen Gray.

THE PRIZE INTERPOLATION

By HELEN GRAY

(To be inserted between XLI and XLII)

NAY, what is Time? a drooping flower
Sharp-shadowed on a dial's face.
Yon lance of starlight, launched through space,
Has sped long æons to this hour:

Orion's jewelled shape would shine,
Were Bellatrix and Rigel dead.
A life behind? 'Twas idly said
What boots his mortal date or mine?
Time cannot thrust betwixt us twain.
All terms that tend to separate,—
As first and last, or soon or late,—
Are foolish figments of the brain.

Comment on this competition must be curtailed to make room for a few of the many poems that have been too long held over from previous weeks. Not many competitors successfully imitated the type of Tennyson's thought as well as the tone of his verse. Phoebe Scribble, Helen Parker, Charles Blanchard, Alice Buchanan, and Barbara Williams rose to the occasion, but only in isolated stanzas. The really outstanding entries in which style and substance were more or less married and sustained came from Claudius Jones, Jessie Rittenhouse, Clinton Scollard, Ignoto, and Bert Leach. But my final choice lay inevitably between two offerings by Helen Gray, both of which captured the ease and flow and the emotional pulse of "In Memoriam." Any interpolation written in a meter other than the original was patently out of the question; it was surprising to find Frances H. Gaines among those who failed to recognize this. The prize-winner's alternative entry is printed below, together with certain poems lately promised.

IN MEMORIAM

(To be inserted between XXV and XXVI)

Not less 'twere worthier him I weep
To force not Death's fast-sealed gate,
But with a manlier patience wait
The long felicity of sleep;

To put temptation by, as one
Who sets aside a proffered cup
And scorns to drink the deep draught up
Until his fencer's bout be done.

And though I falter, all unsure,
Methinks the voice I loved the best
Wakes courage in my sinking breast
With strict command: "Thou shalt endure."

HELEN GRAY.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA

(Excerpt from a lost Shakespearean play of that name)

ELIAS—*What! Well met, friend. Wast at the festival?*

CENTENTIO—*Aye, marry, and in all my days,*
Tho' climbing now my five and eightieth year
With memory stocked with cates from ancient feasts,
Never saw I such splendrous majesty,
So like the dazzling summer morning sun
As our great Salomo hath decked him in,
Nor never saw I peer to the fair Sheba,
The customs of whose land (the Lord be praised)
Admit the fulness of her many charms
To publick view.

ELIAS—*What, were there ceremonies?*

CENTENTIO—*Indeed so many and of so royal pomp*
And heralded so and bruited, that a press
Of numbers past all counting choked the streets
Which like a rheumy gullet coughed up more
And gagged withal to suffocation.
Old men were there whose snowy reverence
And palsiéd infirmity bespoke
Their years, yet would not, tho' it cost their lives,
Miss such a spectacle. There were tender babes
Who shall reach ripe antiquity nor see
Another such a day, and chimney sweeps,
All sooty from their devilish useful trade,
Cheer'd lustily from black throats; gallant captains
Glittering in burnished plate, and lovely dames
Who blushed to find themselves in such a folk.
And one gross chapman wheezed behind my ear
All dropsical, one trod upon my toes,
And one pawnbroking, queasy, baldhead rogue
Filled all my eye, and yet I marked the King,
How, when the trumpets from their brassy throats
Bayed, like a pack of tuneful matchéd hounds,
Great Salomo trod, in scarlet like the sun
At evening, or a maple in high autumn,
Forth from the polished gates of that vast Temple.
Then, at a signal, from her chariot
All gold incrusted, and with strange devices
Of Venus and of Cupid wrought in pearl,
With scintillant rubies tipped, forth lit the Queen.
Such heavenly vision as these eyes of mine
Ne'er hoped to see, for like a palm or willow
Graceful she swayed, with ripe limbs subtly clad,
And when she smiled, it was the silver moon
Out bursting from a jeopardous pack of clouds
Now scattered. . . .

OCTOPUS.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A. E. F., Los Angeles, Cal., says, "Since reading La Farge's 'Laughing Boy' I have been trying to find some similar books of fiction on modern Indian life."

KEEPING to recent fiction—lest readers remind me of "Ramona"—there is a sincere and in some respects startling picture of life among the Ojibways on Northern Michigan in Florence McClinchey's "Joe Pete" (Holt) to which a reader would quite naturally go directly from "Laughing Boy." There is an Indian mother, shown without sentimentality; and for this very reason her progressive degradation is all the more touching. The story ends hopefully, with Joe Pete setting out for school. Indians and half-breeds appear in Constance Lindsay Skinner's "Red Willows" (Coward-McCann), though they do not figure largely in this romance of life in a "background of Empire" in British Columbia. The interest I find in this story is in the curious adjustments and permutations that come about when men and women of five racial stocks are thrown together in the enforced companionship of the frontier. Two Indian girls, one far less amenable to civilization than her sister, figure largely in the story.

E. K., Goodland, Indiana, asks for documentation, for club purposes, on the history of the movies, on modern music, painters, and playwrights.

AS for the movies, the standard, comprehensive, and intimate history of their development is the massive two-volume work of Terry Ramsay, "A Million and One Nights" (Simon & Schuster). If American dramatists are meant, as they are apt to be when the question comes from a club, an admirable book is "American Playwrights of To-day," by Burns Mantle (Dodd, Mead), sketches of sixty-four of them. These are journalistic rather than critical, but manage to get in a great deal of the sort of information of which the everyday playgoer is in search. The arrangement into groups is informal but enlightening in itself. If the scope is to be wider, use "A Study of the Modern Drama," by Barrett Clark (Appleton), a model work that covers all countries.

For such purposes as this I strongly recommend the set of five little books that come together in a box (W. W. Norton) under the general title of "The New Arts" for a price that competes with that of single-volume fiction. John Mason Brown writes of "The Theatre in Revolt" from the rise of naturalism, through the work of Gordon Craig, Appia, and other innovators, and the plays of "playwrights of protest" to the new theatre of Russia. Joseph Hudnut's subject is "Modern Sculpture"; like the other volumes, the idea is to show the uninitiate what it is all about. Alfred Swan writes of "Music: 1900-1930"; I like especially the chapter on the little-advertised contemporary "Music of England," having listened with respectful admiration to the British contemporary composers' programs at the Promenade Concerts that do so much to keep them before the London public. Mary Cecil Alden has "Painters of the Modern Mind," with illustrations from Matisse, Maillol, and the work of two young children. The most important book of the set is Babette Deutsch's contribution to esthetics in her study of poetry, "Potable Gold," which is one of the most sound, sane, and sympathetic present-day surveys of poetic principles. By the way, it is no part of my business to recommend lecturers to women's clubs, but the next time one asks me—as they so often do—to suggest a lecturer on modern poetry who can hold an audience spell-bound and send them away with thoughts that will sprout, I will tell them to see if they can get Miss Deutsch to give the talk she gave at the Women's City Club in this city. I don't even know if she does lecture, but they might try.

E. N. S., Portland, Me., wishes me to identify, not a quotation or even a poem, but a whole man—the Massingham who wrote this lovely bit:

For like a child sent with a fluttering light
To feel his way along a gusty night,
Man walks the world. Again and yet again
The lamp shall be by fits of passion slain;
But shall not He who sent him to the door
Relight the lamp once more—and yet once more?

"Of course I should like the whole poem," goes on E. N. S., "and everything else he has written. His name sounds English, but I have looked in vain in what seemed likely anthologies of contemporary poets."

IF you can find a copy of a book called "H. W. M.," published in 1925 by Cape, you will find this poem just as here quoted complete, without title, printed at the head of Part 6, "Religion." For this is a selection of the writings of H. W. Massingham, editor of the *Nation* (England) from 1907 to 1923, when upon its sale he transferred his famous "Diary" to the *New Statesman*, where it appeared until his death in 1924. This lovely volume is one of the most successful of the results of man's passionate insistence that his friend shall not pass from mind when he leaves the earth. Memorial volumes are not always so successful: They are more often a memorial to friendship than an evocation of the spirit of the friend. But the preface and notes by H. J. Massingham, the essays prefacing each section by J. L. Hammond, H. N. Brailsford, H. M. Tomlinson, H. W. Nevinson, Vaughan Nash, and G. B. Shaw, vivid as they are, are dimmed to the reader by the personality of the great editor as it appears in these selections from his writings.

He was one of those warhorses of the spirit, those gentlemen adventurers of the mind, who will leave England the poorer by far more than wealth when—and if—they ever do die out. H. W. Nevinson is one of those war-horses: I believe he could start for Mars on twenty-four hours' notice, if he knew there were a grand lost cause waiting for him on that planet. G. B. S. is a war-horse, see the names on this list. There is still a company of these gallant idealists, bronzed, clear-eyed, white-headed. I wonder if there will be so large a company when this literary generation is white-headed. The essays in this book show what these men think of Massingham, and the selections show what he thought of life, art, politics, and religion.

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Books on Type

A New Linotype Face

IT is difficult to understand why the manufacturers of type-composing machinery have for so long been content to copy the types in the American Type Founders' Company's repertory, which is what has been going on ever since the machines first came into use. Only in very recent years have the machine people realized that they had both a duty and an opportunity in the cutting of newer and less hackneyed types. The realization seems to have come first to the English manufacturers, perhaps because the opportunity for preëmpting existing faces was under more stringent legal control; at any rate, some of the best machine faces have originated in England. The matter of "copying" the faces of other foundries, which has for many years been an open sore in America, has recently become an acute and acrimonious discussion here, as has been evidenced by the publication by various interests of "open letters" and reprints of charges and counter-charges.

The more intelligent way—that of producing only work which can be called original (however it may be based on historic printing types) is evidenced by the recent importation for the linotype of the face known as Granjon, and now comes another type face for that machine which is called Estienne Old Face, after that great family of French printers who made French sixteenth-century printing so famous. This new face, an admirable renaissance type, has been designed by or under the direction of Mr. George W. Jones (who was also responsible for the Granjon). It has been introduced to American printers in a very fine thin volume issued by the Mergenthaler Linotype Co., and entitled, "A Distinguished Family of French Printers of the Sixteenth Century." The book is admirably gotten up in the style of the Estienne, and shows the type to good advantage. It is a good type, and the pity is that such types as this were not made before the linotype office was so disastrously equipped with the typographic detritus of the centuries—for it is no simple or cheap matter to discard the "Old Style No. 15" and the "DeVinnes" and the aborted "Caslons" which clutter up the printing offices. The tardy reform of machine-composing alphabets is very welcome indeed.

R.

Modernism in Practice

THEATRES. By Joseph Urban. New York: Theatre Arts, Inc. 1929.

THE chief difficulty in making a modernistic book seems to be timidity on the part of the printer. If one "goes modern" one ought to do it wholeheartedly, and not wobble between traditional types and the newer ones. This book of Urban's is illustrative of that indecision which is fatal to creative art, and the point is emphasized by the numerous fine pictures of modernism in the theater. The text of the book is set up in one of the revived Bodoni types which in itself is not bad, but which is too definitely of a period to give any effect of modernism. The use of such type is attributable to the poverty—a poverty only recently relieved by the cutting of good sans-serif types by both the linotype and the monotype companies. Such sans-serif types do not in themselves make modernistic printing, but if one hasn't the courage to attempt "modernistic" arrangements with old type *suggestive* of the current fad, then one must use more distinctively modern type.

The treatment of the pictures, on the other hand, has been more successful. The reproductions, apparently in off-set, have been well placed and are well printed. The captions have all been arranged in such a way as to complete the block of the printed area, by drawing the letters in very crude sans-serif letter. The result is better than any typesetting would be. It is a pity that the text of the book was not set in some similar type, and the whole book unified. And what a contrast with some of the fine theater designs shown by the pictures is the banal typography of the book in which they are shown! In less hopeful moments I think that America has some of the cleverest "archæological" printers to be found anywhere; men who can work out really beautiful books from accepted and traditional styles, but that there is no creative artistic talent in any American printing office. This is harsh—but what have you to offer? And here was a grand opportunity to make typography and contents mutually harmonious.

R.

THE most recent issue of the Bibliographical Society of America's "Papers" (volume 22, part 2) confirms the impression of dulness created by the earlier part of the same volume, and strengthens the feeling that the Society's chief interest lies in supplying reference librarians throughout the country with handy means of answering questions that might more properly have been answered in the first place by the questioners themselves. There is no reason why reference librarians should not have everything possible done to make their labors easier for them—as a class, they are devoted, over-conscientious ladies and gentlemen whose lives at times must be an intolerable burden, and whose public dispositions must invariably be pleasant—but it does seem as if they might be more successfully cared for by the innumerable "services" that flood the libraries subscribing to them with check-lists and bibliographies on every conceivable subject. Certainly, the number of persons who may be depended upon to take a deep interest in a bibliography of Canadian Constitutional History, or a list of books and articles dealing with the Balearic Islands (the subject of the present volume), is relatively small no matter how perfectly made these works may be—a few graduate students in history may be delighted, but no one else will feel grateful for such futile and dreary attempts on the part of the Bibliographical Society to become a kind of suplementary branch of the American Historical Association.

G. M. T.

Among the articles announced for appearance in the "Colophon" are an account by E. W. Kemble of his illustrations for "Huckleberry Finn"; a sketch of the career of the famous Chicago publishing house of Stone & Kimball, written by Ingalls Kimball; a record of the Nonesuch Press, by Francis Meynell; and a series of articles by collectors describing how they first became interested in the formation of their particular collections. It should, perhaps, be pointed out that the subscriptions to this new quarterly are limited to two thousand, although it may be hoped that this number will very soon have to be increased.

G. M. T.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

Sotheby & Company, London. February 17-19 inclusive: Printed Books, Autograph Letters, and Historical Documents, Literary Manuscripts, the property of various owners. This sale-catalogue, divided into as many alphabets as possible, presents almost everything, commencing with incunabula and progressing to letters from Bernard Shaw, and drawings by Aubrey Beardsley; in England, such a collection of material is nothing extraordinary—in this country, it would, except in unusual circumstances, be hopelessly impossible. There is a collection of editions of Boccaccio, including the Ulm, 1473, "De Mulieribus claris," and the Saragossa, 1494; the London, 1620, "Decameron" (from the Carysfort collection), and the Venice, 1481, edition of "Philocolo"; the Earl of Surrey's "Songes and Sonettes" (?1574), a slightly defective copy; "Libro del rey Canamor y del infante Turian su hijo," Valencia, 1527, of which only one other copy is known; "The Arte of English Poesie; contriued into three Bookes," London, 1589; Montaigne's "Essays," London, 1603; a goblet on foot, 9 inches, made from the wood of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon, carved with a bust of Shakespeare; a pair of black silk stockings said to have belonged to Jean Armour, a pocket handkerchief of hers, and a piece of wood believed to have formed part of the bed on which Robert Burns died; a presentation copy of Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles" from the author to Miss Edgeworth, and one of the largest collections of his novels—some in the original boards, and others rebound—that has come up for some time; four letters from James Boswell to John Johnston; letters from Dr. Johnson to John Hoole; several poems in the handwriting of David Garrick; a presentation copy of Edmund Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France," London, 1790, from the author to Sir Philip Francis; the first edition of Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," and the second of "Sense and Sensibility"; first editions of Barrie, Coleridge, Byron, Dickens, Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley," Hardy, Kipling, Henry Fielding; the autograph manuscript, bound in three volumes, of Bulwer Lytton's "Eugene Aram"; a series of 118 autograph letters from Florence Nightingale to Miss Gordon of St. Thomas's Hospital; a collection of letters from Edward Fitzgerald to Bernard Barton; and seven original drawings by Aubrey Beardsley.

On Friday, the 31st of January, Stan V. Henkels of Philadelphia sold at auction various autograph letters, documents, and manuscripts from the collection of James P. Callender, and from other private sources. The sale divided itself into four general parts: Signers of the Declaration of Independence, Presidents of the United States, General Americana, and Literary and Foreign Notables. The catalogue was interesting, although nothing especially important appeared in it, and gave consistently the impression of respectability.

G. M. T.

The Eighth Annual Selection of Books by the American Institute of Graphic Arts is to be exhibited at New York Public Library, Feb. 5-Feb. 28. We derive the fol-

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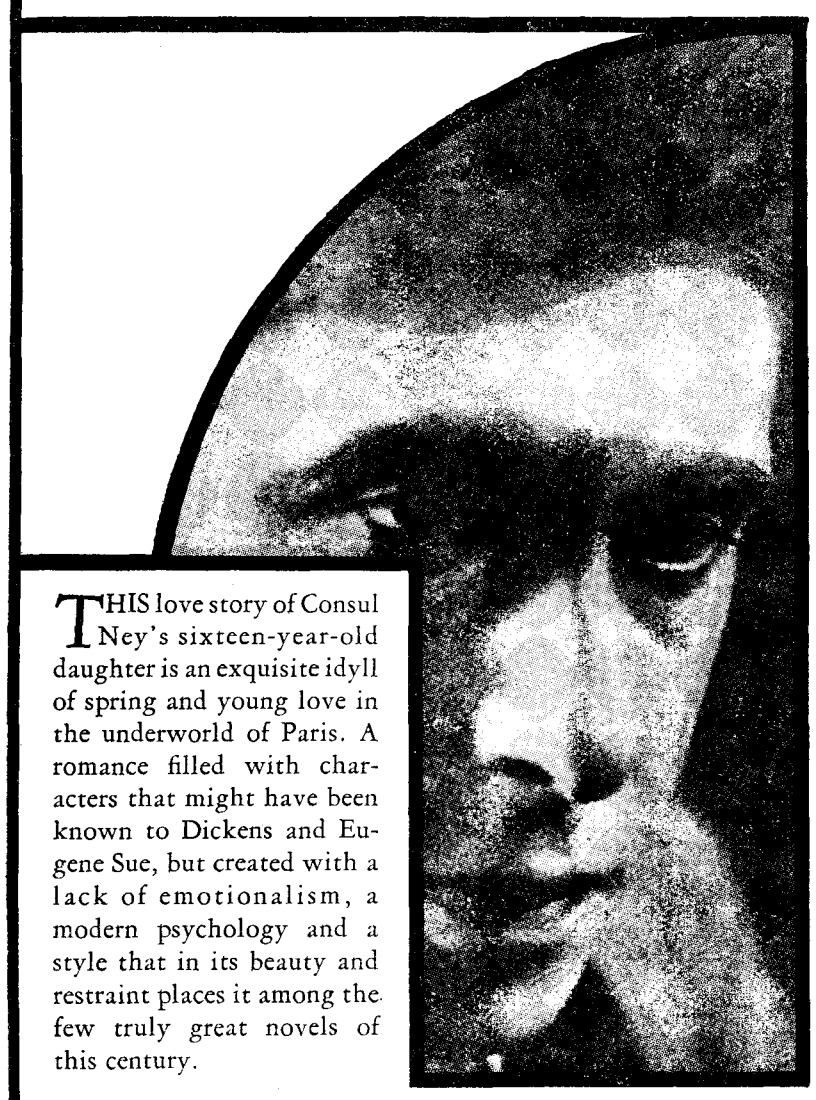

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lowing from the announcement of the Institute: Books in *de luxe* form and in trade form have been chosen from nearly 600 volumes by a jury which included Frederic W. Goudy, the famous designer and typographer; Frank A. Altschul, president of the American Institute of Graphic Arts; and William Reydel, director of printing production for the Newell-Emett Company. The books selected range from volumes of the famous Boswell Papers to a copy of "Ex-Wife" and include examples of all the best known designers of the country—over thirty imprints.

The recent acceleration of the interest in limited editions brought the proportion of that class of books up a little, as was to have been expected, and about thirty can be so classed as against twenty of trade origin. There are an unusual number of art books in the group, including the volume on "Steichen the Photographer," published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, a volume on "The Paintings of George Bellows," Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.; "The Decorative Work of T. M. Cleland," Pynson Printers; "Contemporary American Portrait Painters," W. W. Norton Company.

The new firm of Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith have three books in the list, a testimony to the ability of Robert O. Ballou, member of the firm and former adviser of typography for the University of Chicago Press. One would not ordinarily expect to find a volume like "Ex-Wife" in the Fifty Books Show, but the volume was the most pleasing in format of any novel of the year. Another unusual book with the Cape & Smith imprint is "Gods' Man," a story told entirely in woodcuts which has found praise on all sides.

Two children's books found their way on the list; both have the Macmillan imprint: "Hitty: Her First Hundred Years," with its interesting type page, attractive title-page, well-produced illustrations, and binding and jacket eminently in keeping; "The Birthday of the Infanta," by Oscar Wilde, with excellent type page, decorations, and full-page drawings by Pamela Bianco happily combined.

The presses of Yale University and the University of Chicago make a good showing, as usual. One of the books of the University of Chicago is in the field of mathematics, "The Electromagnetic Field," by Mason and Weaver, and in this volume mathematical symbols become an added decorative feature. Harvard, too, has a book with similar drawings, a volume called "The Painter's Terms."

Because of his absence in London for a year, Bruce Rogers does not have his usual representation, though the second group of volumes to be published in the Boswell Papers came in during the season and will be one of the features of the exhibit. D. B. Updike of the Merrymount Press offers volumes of the usual high quality, including among others the beautiful trade edition of "Letters of an Old Sportsman to a Young One," issued by Doubleday, Doran, in many ways the most beautiful volume of the year, and Merle Johnson's bibliography of "American First Editions," a perfect example of format for a book of this type; also, Walt Whitman's "Franklin Evans," published by the Random House.

Carl Rollins was the designer of three fine octavos for the Yale Press and also of "The Loyalists of East Florida," published by the Florida State Historical Society. W. A. Kittredge of the Lakeside Press is represented by "The Log of the Northern Light," privately printed, and Will Ransom of Chicago by his own volume on "Private Presses and Their Books," which was printed at the Lakeside Press. Elmer Adler and the Pynson Printers produced the Cleland book, already mentioned, and the perfect little volume of Rockwell Kent's bookplates as well as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which was designed by W. A. Dwiggins.

Grabhorn in San Francisco designed the noble historical volume, "The Relation of Alvar Nunez Cabeca de Vaca," and "American Taste" by Lewis Mumford, printed by the Westgate Press. The Rudge Press, as usual, makes many contributions, and besides the Boswell Papers, it printed the very successful "Leaves of Grass" of the Limited Editions Club designed by Frederick Warde; "The Legend of the Hounds," and Gilman's "Music and the Cultivated Man," also designed by Warde, and a dignified edition of "A Testament of Beauty" by Robert Bridges with the imprint of the Oxford University Press. The Bowling Green Press presented a very beautiful edition of "The Spy," and as a specimen of a handy size for standard fiction it might well be further copied.

The Spiral Press makes a good showing with "The Day of Doom," and The Fountain Press with "The Secret and Other Stories" by Milne. Taylor of San Francisco has a volume in the list, "How Many Miles from St. Jo?," and the Harbor Press exhibited a dainty little edition of Robert Frost's "A Way Out." The Peter Pauper Press is represented by two, "In Modern Dress," by Christopher Morley, and "Benjamin Franklin on Marriage."

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ROMAIN ROLLAND, *who introduces* JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH, *author of "—AND COMPANY" to the American reading public.*

"*—And Company,*" by JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH is put on sale today at all bookstores.

Today's guest-column-conductor is ROMAIN ROLLAND, who in his introduction says:

"The great majority of novelists write from a shallow ink-pot. They but scratch the surface of reality. They seize upon nature from a single angle, perhaps by means of external description, or through the minds of the characters, or through the use of movement or emotion.

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". . . The outstanding and pre-eminent element in this book is obviously the Simler family. And in painting their portraits, the author is incomparable.

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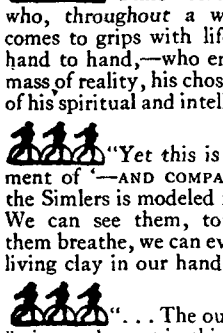
Among others saluting JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH on this his first publication date in America are PAUL CLAUDEL, poet, dramatist and French Ambassador to the United States . . . . . ARNOLD BENNETT . . . . . PAUL VALERY . . . . . VAN WYCK BROOKS . . . . . the late ISRAEL ZANGWILL . . . . . and any and all booksellers who have recently come within range of your correspondents

ESSANDESS.

JOSEPH CONRAD
LIFE AND LETTERS
By G. JEAN-AUBRY



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THE LINE-DEX
5725 Maryland Avenue Chicago, Illinois

A STRANGE title distinguishes the latest book by *Eunice Tietjens* evidently done in collaboration with her daughter. It is called "The Jaw-Breaker's Alphabet," and is published by A. & C. Boni. This is, obviously, because the book begins with a rhyme about the Archæopteryx and ends with a rhyme about the Zeuglodon, all members of the Prehistoric Animals Club. One of the most remarkable features of the volume is its illustrations by *Hermann Post*, one whose work is familiar, surely, to all readers, for he has done, in his peculiar style, the illustrations to "Chéri" by *Colette*, and jackets and illustrations to various other books. This is not to say that the verses in the book are not clever, as indeed they are. One of the ones we like best, in which the animals are not quite so horrific as elsewhere, is the verse averring

K was a giant Kangaroo,
Who bore the name Dipro'todon.
He never dined on flesh at all,
But plants he simply doted on.
A hippopotamus in size,
The ark he never floated on!

Which was, after all is said and done, his deprivation! But we cannot speak too impulsively of Mr. Post's illustrations. His style is superb, and his knowledge of the anatomy of animals even, the extinct ones, quiet commanding. . . .

The first number of the first volume of *Fortune*, published by the Time-Fortune Corporation, is now on our desk. The photography and the color reproductions in it are indeed marvellous. We were rather disheartened by the frontispiece showing all you could get, in an edible way, out of a pig. But we never realized before that "It takes two pigskins to make a suitcase." Still, those are the expensive suitcases we never buy. We usually get an affair of painted cardboard. . . .

Miss *Nancy Hoyt*, talented authoress, has sailed for France. We are very sorry. Something extremely vivacious is lost from the lives of all those who follow literature when this loquacious damosel departs for Europe. We always drink ourselves into a comparative stupor when that happens. . . .

Louis Untermeyer writes us:

The Italian Riviera after Florence is like a magnificent silence after a lordly music. We stay here another fortnight or so. Then Genoa. Then *à la* Columbus, to rediscover America. Then New York. . . And so to bedlam.

They go and they come. And what with farewell parties and welcoming impulses it gives us no rest. . . .

We suppose that, by the time you read this, there will still be an exhibition of Modern Japanese Woodcut Color Prints by a descendant of the Famous Torri Family and others at the Fukushima Galleries, situate at 18 East 57th Street. We hope so. We aren't sure; because we have to go to the Modern Library's party for *Rockwell Kent* this afternoon and to a party for *David King*, the Foreign Legion star, given by his publishers, Duffield & Company, this evening. This being New York this kind of thing gets pretty terrible about this time of year. Particularly as we are still recovering from a party given by Brewer and Warren for *Sara Salt* and *Maurice Dekobra*. . . .

Then has to come the General Passenger Agent of the Northern Pacific Railway Company with a debate about whether or no the largest steam freight locomotive in the world should be referred to as "He." Vociferously we reply. "NO!" (all caps.) We, as others have, maintain that an engine, like a ship, should be feminine. It is impossible to say in the smoking room, or compartment, "He must be hitting about ninety now, —huh?" It is always, in any proper and distinguished conversation, "She." We don't know why. It seems like a more intimate interest. Pretty good for the old girl! . . .

William Griffith writes:

On originating the title, "Candles in the Sun," of a book of verse published in 1921, I thought it a good title, and am much interested to see my opinion of it confirmed by *Dorothy Graham*, whose book, "Candles in the Sun," is advertised in *The Saturday Review* and elsewhere as "Just Out!" by F. A. Stokes Company.

This matter of titles is always a problem for publishers. It is practically impossible to keep track of all the titles used in a year, let alone over a period of longer than that. We have known of many cases of titles being repeated, without the slightest cognizance of the fact on the part of either the new author or the new publisher. Nevertheless we can sympathize with Mr. Griffith, who takes the occurence with the greatest good nature. . . .

We wish the Encyclopædia Britannica would throw a party. We should like to see a congeries of lexicographers mildly plastered. We wonder what lexicographers think about? They have been content, for all these ages, still to let *Sam Johnson* speak for them. And all they do to us is to send us announcements about a fifty-six page illustrated booklet, and the beautiful color-work and black-and-white illustrations. . . .

The next thing we open is a bank statement, but that, surely, has no place here. Still, you will be glad to know that we remain solvent. Following this, however, comes an inquiry from one *Willis K. Jones* of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He writes in part (we are suppressing no cursing):

Only I've been meaning to write to ask what has become of that saucy wench *Sylvia Satan*. I used to enjoy her poems so much. And please tell me who she really is. And the immediate cause of this note is the last word in your column this week. A Dios is not Spanish. The accent on single letters went out at the beginning of this century. The more common form of it, if you do not write it as two words as Spaniards don't any more than we write its equivalent Go(o)d b'ye, is Adios. And may your gargle have cured you by now.

Darn sweet! We were trying to be ritzy. And just for that we are going to print a poem of Sylvia Satan's (no deprivation) to please Mr. Jones. We only wanted the chance. As to who she really is, we have always supposed she really *was* Sylvia Satan:

APPORT
By SYLVIA SATAN

In this I have been happy, that I know
They could not crypt the indissoluble You
Voiceless and faceless in your quitted room;
I saw their solemn semblances of a tomb
Even saw them seal you, as they needs must do. . .
Then I to plants and trees and shimmering air
To find your fugitive fire quivering there.

Clear wizardry of you in the Columbine;
In iris chalices your purple sighs;
Along the pool's dim pollen-dusted glass
Through the fern's mirrored heraldries you pass
To the night's solemn branched star-candled shrine;
Or where the morning bough its dewy mass
Breaks on the myriad aspirate lift of grass.

Unchained of me, whose pattern still must fret
Through mummeries that deny your closeness, yet
Knowing relation with your cosmic trance.
The wordless witness of your consonance
Stays with me under the stars that do not set
And I envision your new powers that pair
With powers of mine, instinct, but unaware.

And a darn fine poem, if you ask us,—absolutely! This is the kind of thing (adv.) that The Phoenix Nest constantly furnishes its readers free, gratis, for nothing. Anybody, however, who really appreciates such a fine poem as this of Miss Satan's should let us know about it. Give this little girl a big hand! . . .

This is poetry day, or week, and a darn lucky thing for us, too! We shall close by broadcasting that talented Washington (D. C.) author, *Harvey Carson Grumbine*, a famous hate-sonnet writer. He has ended one of his most recent productions:

Nothing endures, since nothing ever Is.
Nothing shall be, since nothing ever Was—
Nothing beyond a curious rhymeless question:
Through shoreless oceans of eternities—
No time, no space, no consequence, no cause;
But just the pangs of Cosmic Indigestion.

And we'll be doggone if anything could express just the way we feel this afternoon any more aptly than that! . . .

Go(o)d b'ye! THE PHOENICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

The Lamb and the Loot in our opinion is worthy a paper medal for high place in misquoted titles. It is *The Lamp and the Lute*[1] evidently interpreted by a harassed Wall Street investor (who is also a newspaper man). In it Bonamy Dobrée discourses on T. S. Eliot, D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster, Rudyard Kipling, Henrik Ibsen and Thomas Hardy. It is a collection of stimulating studies filled with information about these important moderns and having the spontaneity of good talk.

Our most recent visit to the Library of the Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, brought to our attention some unusually good books that are just published.

Concerning Robert Bridges' *The Testament of Beauty*,[2] there is nothing more to say than has been said by most of the American and English critics. They have compared it with Dante's *The Divine Comedy*,[3] Milton's *Paradise Lost*,[4] Wordsworth's *Prelude*,[5] Keats's *Endymion*[6]. That it is indeed a great poem all critics are agreed.

From the conversations of some young people whose chameleonic enthusiasms produce praise for all *new* books one comes to the conclusion that there are no minor poets. To those we recommend this poem of England's Poet Laureate.[7] It restores one's sense of proportion. That it is a philosophic poem need scare no one, for its philosophy sings —and sings very beautifully indeed. The publishers have just informed us that over 1,000 copies were sold on publication day and that its popularity in America probably will compare very favorably with that in England, where it is the best selling non-fiction book.

Those whose intention to read Tolstoy's greatest novel has been thwarted by its cumbersome three volume format will be glad to hear of the new one volume pocket edition. Its 1584 pages, one inch thick, is a miracle of compression. It is the Oxford India paper that makes it possible. *War and Peace*[8] is a most fitting book to supplement one's reading of the London Naval Conference. And this edition is the translation of Louise and Aylmer Maude, authorized by Tolstoy[9] himself.

A most attractive collection of *Ten Greek Plays*[10] has just been brought out by Oxford. They are the popular translations of Gilbert Murray which have been in separate volumes (at 90 cents each). Bookmen who spend their Christmas money at the book bargain tables in January may well invest $3.50 for the usual nine dollars worth of reading. Especially when it is the cream of Greek literature. There are fewer, these days, who have the inclination to read Sophocles or Euripides in the original, but there are a rapidly increasing many who read Greek masters in translation. An acquaintance with Greek civilization and literature is now considered essential to an understanding of our own government and culture that owe so much to the classic tradition.

Seldom have there been gathered together ten authors of such outstanding accomplishment, who are so intimate with the accomplishments of others in their respective fields as those who have combined to make *Tradition and Experiment in Present-day Literature*.[11] T. S. Eliot, editor of The Criterion and whose poem "Waste Land" is hailed by some as a masterpiece and by others as a perverse piece of mystification, defines a new literary criticism. Ashley Dukes,[12] London editor of the Theatre Arts Magazine, discusses experiments in the drama which become traditions and experiments that are forgotten. Others who write of the modern drama, novel, poetry, criticism, biography, include Rebecca West, Edith Sitwell, R. H. Mottram of The Spanish Farm trilogy fame, Osbert Burdett, biographer of Blake and Gladstone, Edmund Blunden, A. J. A. Symons, C. K. Monro.

—THE OXONIAN.

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